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RAGGING IN THE NAVY.

A startling case of ragging in the Navy is now being investigated by the Admiralty authorities. A midshipman on the cruiser "Kent," having been tried by a mock court-martial and sentenced to a degrading form of punishment, whipped out his loaded revolver, fired shots among his assailants, and wounded one of them in the face. This extraordinary incident occurred while the "Kent" and other ships of the cruiser squadron were lying in Loch Broom, on the west coast of Ross-shire. The subject of the ragging is said to be the son of a millionaire, and several junior officers of the ship considered that he made a too ostentatious display of his wealth.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Historical Hospital Bazaar at Westminster.

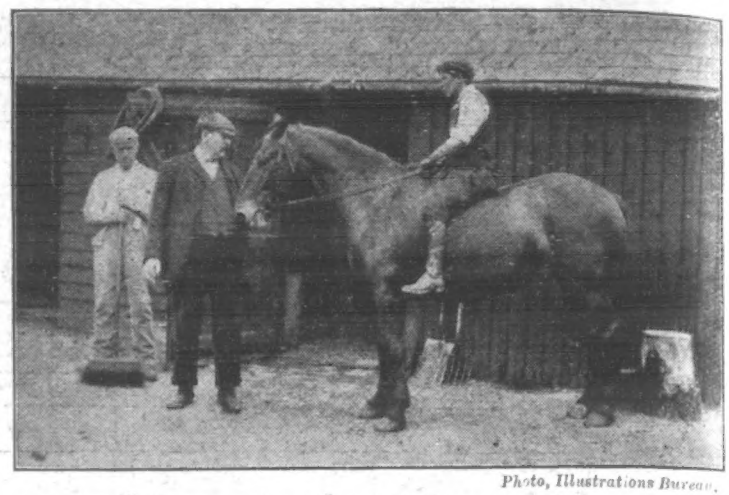
A picturesque bazaar has been opened in the enclosure in Dean's Yard, Westminster, in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital, which was established in 1719 in the district known as Petty France in Westminster. It was removed to Chapel Street in 1724, to James Street in 1734, and in 1834 to the present building, where extensions were made in 1886 and 1900. Upwards of 1,500,000 patients have been treated since its foundation. Annually 3,000 in-patients and 24,000 out-patients are received. During the last nine years the sum of £19,262 has been expended in improvements, and the annual expenditure is over £21,000. Apart from legacies, the annual average income for the past has been £10,700, while the legacies received during the same period have been devoted to the maintenance of the hospital; hence the necessity for the bazaar. There are twenty one stalls which represent the reigns of British sovereigns. The bazaar will last three days.

The Countess of Yarmouth.

Lady Yarmouth made her *début* as a London hostess under very brilliant auspices. She and Lord Yarmouth—the latter, as all the world knows, is nothing if not original—decided it would be better to give their first dinner-party at a great restaurant, instead of at the pretty little house where they are spending the fag-end of the season. Prince's was the place chosen, and among the American Countess's guests were Mr. Choate, who came to support his young countrywoman under a somewhat trying ordeal; Mrs. George West, to whom the event probably recalled the occasion of her own brilliant *début* as Lady Randolph Churchill; Lady Warwick, and Mrs. Ronalds. The new American hostess was, as Miss Thaw, of Pittsburg, one of the wealthiest of Transatlantic heiresses; she is credited with a great wish to make a mark in English society, and doubtless she will prove a valuable addition to the already brilliant group of Anglo-American hostesses. The Countess of Yarmouth is amusing her American friends with many little stories of her poorer neighbours in England, whose humour she thoroughly appreciates. One story in particular, told her by a woman whose sick child she was visiting, made her laugh most heartily. The woman was complaining to Lady Yarmouth of her difficulty in struggling along, and, above all, of the worry she had with a lodger, who, she declared, ate her out of house and home. "The first morning this man stopped here," she complained, "he began to eat boiled eggs very greedily. Egg after egg he ate—three, four, five, six—and it was only the yolk of them he swallowed; the white he didn't bother with at all. When he dug his spoon into the seventh egg my temper got the better of me, and I said, in a severe tone: 'Don't you ever eat the white of the egg, sir?' 'Surely not, my good woman,' says he. 'The yolk is the bird, the white is the feathers. Would you have me make a bolster of myself?'"

The Legion of Frontiersmen.

The Legion of Frontiersmen, inaugurated just a month ago at the memorable dinner given by Lord Lonsdale, is making rapid progress in organisation under the efforts of Mr. Roger Pocock, the moving spirit of the scheme. Many names famous in latter-day history appear in the list of those who form the organising committee — prominent statesmen, colonists, naval and military officers, pioneers, war correspondents, explorers, politicians, travellers, scouts, seamen, hunters, miners, etc., have declared their allegiance to the Legion, which, as the draft constitution says, is "enrolled for sport, prepared for war." It is said that the movement has the enthusiastic countenance and gracious patronage of the most exalted personages in the Empire



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

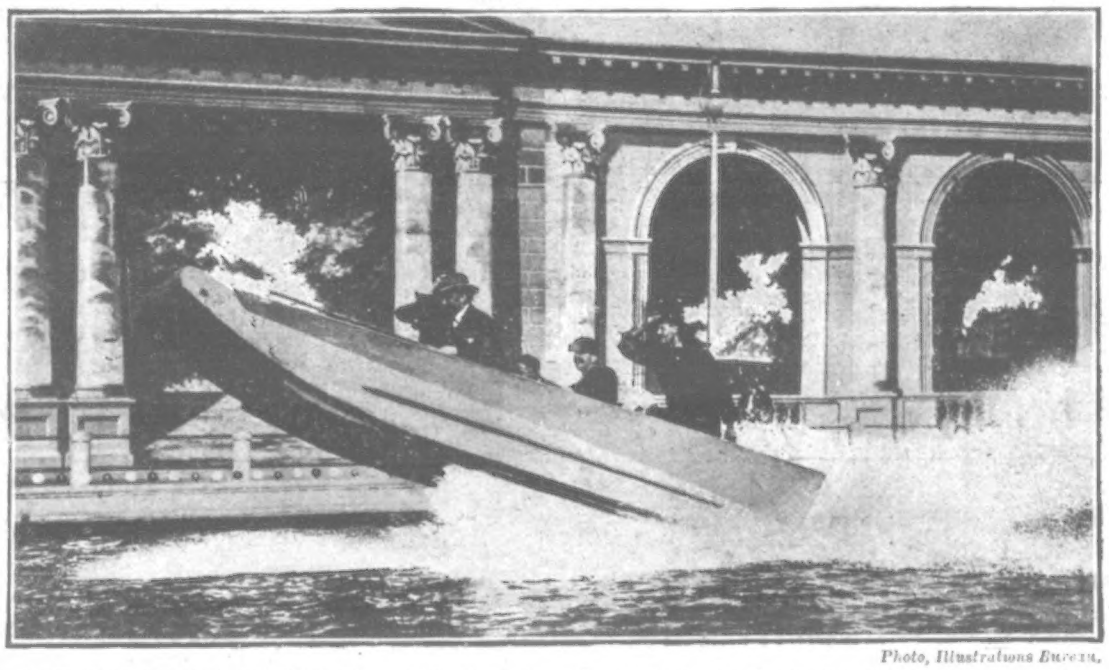
A LADY FARMER: Miss "Jack" May (the daughter of a retired naval captain), who, in order to learn farming, is working as a labourer on Mr. Smith's farm at Hockenden, Kent. The photograph shows Miss May on horseback.

Photo, Langfier.

THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH, who was assisting at the Charles I. stall at the Westminster Hospital Bazaar, and is now taking over the Charles II. stall for Mrs. Edgar Speyer, who is indisposed.

Wives at 13s. 4d. each.

Sir Charles Eliot, late Commissioner for British East Africa, addressing a meeting at the Royal Institution on the native races of the Protectorate, mentioned that in one district in Uganda the price of brides has lately been fixed by law at 13s. 4d., irrespective of beauty and accomplishments.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A MARVELLOUS SNAPSHOT: "Shooting the Chutes" at the Earl's Court Exhibition. This photograph was taken just as the car leapt into the air after striking the water at the foot of the chute.

Ragging in the Navy.

A startling case of ragging in the Navy is now being investigated by the Admiralty authorities. A midshipman on the cruiser *Kent*, having been tried by a mock court-martial and sentenced to a degrading form of punishment, whipped out his loaded revolver, fired shots among his assailants, and wounded one of them in the face. This extraordinary incident occurred while the *Kent* and other ships of the cruiser squadron were lying in Loch Broom, on the west coast of Ross-shire. The subject of the ragging is said to be the son of a millionaire, and several junior officers of the ship considered that he made a too ostentatious display of his wealth. They accordingly resolved to make a flippant charge against him, and upon this to try him by mock court-martial. The threatened midshipman gave due warning that if he were in any way interfered with he would shoot, but his words were looked upon as an empty boast, and only caused hilarity in the gun-room. One evening the court-martial was duly held, and the lad was found guilty and sentenced to be flogged. The verdict and the sentence were communicated to him at mess table, and he was told that the punishment would be inflicted after dinner. He again intimated that he would not submit to any indignity, and that he would shoot the first person who laid hands on him. After dinner a rush was made towards him, with a view to securing him for punishment. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and fired several shots. One of the bullets passed through the cheeks of the assailant nearest to him, and a second struck him in another part of the body, but inflicted only a slight injury. This startling turn of events abruptly ended the attack on the boy, and the officers of the ship were immediately summoned. The wounded man was surgically treated, and is now progressing favourably. The midshipman who fired has gone south on leave of absence. The squadron is now at Invergordon, and an *Express* representative who went there to make inquiries into the affair was informed that an official investigation was now proceeding, and a full report would be sent to the Admiralty in due course. It was stated that midshipmen are frequently victimised by sub-lieutenants, and the mock courts-martial have of late become so common, and the persecution so acute that the midshipmen had determined among themselves to take such action as would bring their grievances prominently before the notice of the public. The *Express* Plymouth correspondent says: In a warship of the size of the *Kent* the gun-room mess would consist of about twenty-five midshipmen, junior engineers, and paymaster clerks, presided over by a sub-lieutenant. The members of this juvenile community have a very arbitrary code of laws, which they do not hesitate to enforce. Flogging with the flat of a dirk is one of the commonest forms of punishment. A great deal of the type of skylarking described by Marryat survives, and a sensitive or irritable youngster who resents being chaffed may suffer very rough treatment. On the whole, however, it must be said that bullying in the Navy is very rare indeed.

Why we are not Criminals.

Dr. Starling, of Boston, declares that hypnotism only develops natural instincts, and that the best hypnotiser in the world cannot make a really moral person do wrong. From experiments he has made, he believes that seventy-five per cent. of the human race, if unrestrained by family pride and other considerations, would steal.

Photo, Liddicoat.

A BOAT BUILT IN A BACKYARD: The "Truelove" was built by a Penzance fisherman in his own yard out of driftwood, but it is impossible to get the craft down to the sea without demolishing the garden wall and widening the street.

In the Twentieth Century.

We may be certain that the report that Nan Patterson is to receive £400 a week for her appearance upon the American stage is exaggerated, but the sum is sure to be a large one—not that she has any talent, this woman with the "thick neck and sullen eyes," as one of the papers describes her, but because she has twice been charged with murder. In savage countries malefactors are caged and exhibited as awful examples; in civilised lands, liberated suspects are paid to appear on the theatrical stage. Here in England the hangman turns lecturer, and exhibits his ropes at so much a time; and sickening monstrosities like the Siamese twins draw all Mayfair, just as the nastiest show in the fair draws all, Hodgedom. There is a lot of the savage left in us. A man supposed to have murdered his first wife proves to have had her caged for years, and still alive, in the same house with the second woman whom he has married; another keeps his son for eleven years locked in a cupboard. A babe is crammed with broken limbs into a box, and there left to heal as best it may; another is roasted alive; and a man who recovers compensation for injuries received at work drinks himself to death with his miserable £20.

A Lincolnshire Gentleman's Dukedom.

Mr. J. Edwin Cole, J.P., of Swineshead Hall, near Boston, has established his claim to the titles of the Duke and Marquis of Polignano, a city romantically situated on a high cliff on the coast of the Adriatic Sea. The Marquisate, which dates back to the fifteenth century, and was held in feudal times by military service, passed by inheritance to Don Gaetano de Leto, a faithful minister and trusty councillor of the Emperor, Charles VI., of Austria, King of Spain, and of the two Sicilies, who, in 1729, confirmed the same to him, and in the following year created him Duke of Polignano, with remainder to his descendants of both sexes in order of primogeniture. His male issue having become extinct, both dignities have now devolved, in accordance with the limitations of the creation, upon Mr. Edwin Cole, as the direct lineal heir and representative of the original grantee.

Native Women and Divorce.

Lecturing before the Ethnological Society, Mr. Ralph Durand maintained that our missionaries failed utterly to appreciate the true virtues of polygamy. The women of all native tribes, he said, preferred polygamy, and actually brought actions for divorce on the ground that their husbands were too lazy to obtain a second wife.

Convenient Lunacy.

The attempt to prove that a man charged with murder is not in possession of his senses is as old as trial by jury. If murder be clearly proved then, says counsel, the man must be mad; if it be a woman who has stolen from a shop she inevitably is not responsible for her actions. There is an interesting variant in a case which is noted in Dickens's life of Grimaldi. A well-known actor and clown, one Bradbury, suddenly disappeared. He was next heard of in a lunatic asylum, whence eventually he issued in his right mind and showing no signs of ever having been out of it. What had really happened was this: There was a pretty clear case against the son of a peer having stolen a valuable gold snuff-box, and Bradbury was the witness to prove the offence. So the friends of the culprit "bought" the clown, and persuaded him to feign madness, retreat to an asylum, and there remain until the whole business had blown over. Of course the trial had to go forward, but there being no witness, the case failed for lack of evidence.

Daring Trip by Wire.

An interesting account is given in the *New York Tribune* of a daring slide down a long wire cable from the top of a Swiss mountain by M. Chapuis, an instructor in the University of Geneva. The steel wire is nearly half a mile long, and at some points over 300ft. above the ground. The cable is about three-quarters of an inch thick, and from the valley the highest part of it can hardly be seen with the naked eye, the daring performer having the appearance of floating in space when mounted upon it. At one point in the distance covered there is a span of about 980ft. between the supports at a height of 160ft. The angle varies from 45 to 50 degrees, and the greatest difficulty M. Chapuis says he experiences is to prevent himself from sliding down too quickly. During his initial trip down the steep incline he burned his hands terribly trying to hold himself back, and even then the speed of his descent was such as to tear his clothing to shreds. Since that first trip he has gone down astride a saddle of stout leather. Perhaps the greatest difficulty he experienced, however, was that of keeping his balance on the swaying wire. Until several trips had accustomed him to it, the tendency was to turn over head downward during the descent. Realising that this would mean inability to maintain his hold of the wire and death on the rocks several hundred feet below, the intrepid man fought bravely against it, and finally succeeded in mastering the secret of keeping his balance. The wire cable down which he slides was originally erected to convey blocks of limestone from the quarries on the summit of Salève, a mountain to the south-east of Geneva, to the valley below. Speaking of his sensations during the trips, M. Chapuis said that a feeling of horror sometimes possesses him when from the summit of the mountain he glances along the slender, silvery thread stretching away before him to the valley below. At such times it is only by the exercise of all of his will power that he can bring himself to make the trip; but once seated on the wire all fear leaves him, and he feels perfectly at home.

Lights that Might Fail.

We are slow to seize advantages in this country. How many people know that the telegraph and telephone have never been applied to our lighthouses? Nearly a quarter of a century ago a meeting was held at the Mansion House to consider the project of connecting the lighthouses with the shore by electric cable, but the work remains yet to be done. The Eddystone keepers did not hear of the end of the Boer war until a steam launch from Plymouth gave them the news, twelve days after peace had been signed. In the same lighthouse, one of the two keepers died while on duty. Stormy weather came on, and kept the survivor prisoner for a month. And all that while he had to keep the dead body of his comrade there, fearing to cast it into the sea, lest he should be accused of murder.

A Slump in Milkmaids.

At Sleaford May Hiring Fair, in Lincolnshire, held the other day, a paucity of milkmaids was reported. Forty-nine out of fifty girls engaged for farmhouses would not undertake to milk, so the business will have to be performed by men. The falling off is a reminder that the milkmaid figures considerably in old English pastorals. John Milton alludes to her "blith" song in his "L'Allegro." But this maiden, in company with the shepherdess, may have been an idolised creature. The real milker, who tended sheep as well—the Dorothy Draggletail, the farmyard drudge—could hardly have inspired even the rustic muse. With this modern aversion to the work the milkmaid, with her stool and pail, will soon live but in song.

Mauled by a Leopard.

A wild scene was witnessed last week at the town of Nogent-le-Roi, near Chartres. A travelling menagerie was giving a display in a large marquee, when suddenly the acetylene lighting the place was extinguished, the roaring of the beasts in the darkness threw the audience into a panic, and the ropes were cut to give free passage out. Unfortunately, a young woman named Fauveau got between the cage and the barrier separating them from the public, and was seized by a leopard. The brute tore her flesh away with its claws, while the darkness prevented either escape or assistance. When the unfortunate girl was at last rescued, she was in a pitiable plight, and both her reason and her life are in danger.

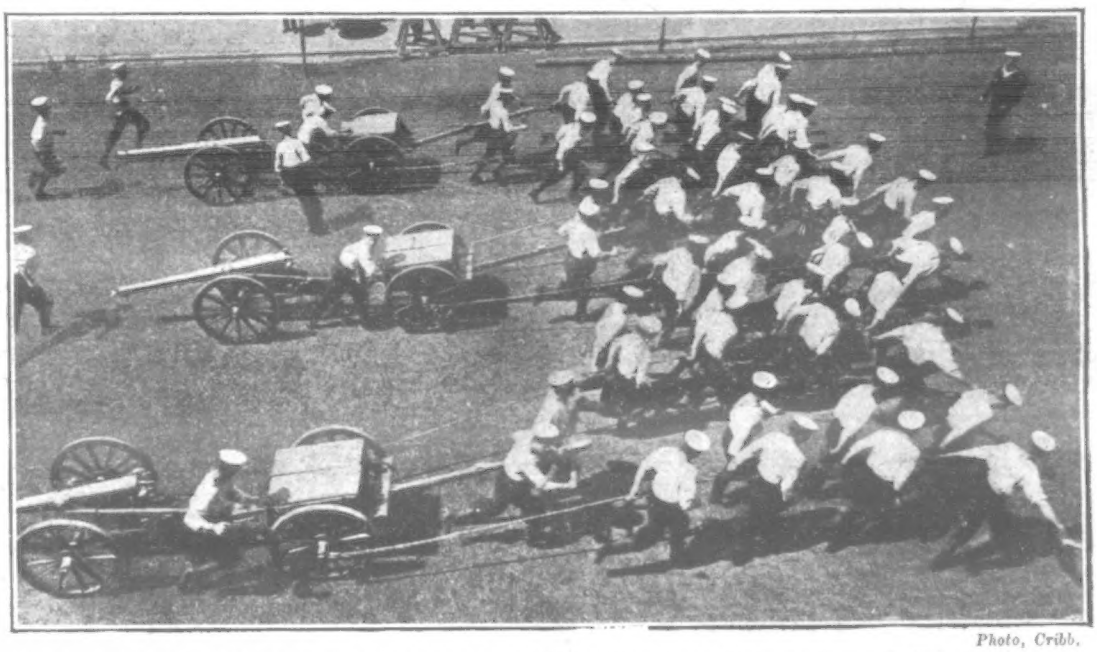
Royal Visit to Manchester.

It is now definitely settled that the King and Queen will visit Manchester this summer. In July his Majesty is to be in Sheffield in connection with the new university. Thence he will go in all probability to stay with Lord Derby at Knowsley, and will go to Manchester either on the 12th or 13th of the month. The King, after luncheon and the presentation of an address at the Town Hall, will open the new dock of the Ship Canal, and it is hoped that, with the Queen, he will find it convenient to open the new Crossley Consumption Sanatorium at Delamere Forest in the afternoon.

Awkward Situations.

Dr. Forbes Winslow records the case of a clergyman who, after an illness, forgot all he had ever known, and started with his brother to resume the lessons of childhood. One day he placed his hand to his head, and said, "I feel a peculiar sensation, and now it appears to me that I knew all this before." From that time his faculties were rapidly restored to him, and he forgot that he had ever had an illness. Those enjoying the best of health may suffer an occasional lapse of memory. Queen Victoria once walked from the dining-room into the ball-room at Buckingham Palace, gently waving a table-fork, under the impression that she had a fan in her hand. And everybody surely has heard of the eminent Scots lawyer who one day appeared at the front door of a house and asked the maid, "Can ye tell me which is Johnnie ——'s house?" "Why, mon, yer Johnnie —— yersel'," said the lassie. "That's not what I'm wanting to know. Where is Johnnie ——'s house?" the memory-tied lawyer responded.

MARIE CORELLI AND HER GONDOLA: Miss Marie Corelli has imported a gondola from Venice, in which she rides upon the Avon. Her dislike to photographers is well known, and it will be seen that she has covered her face with a rug whilst this snapshot was taken.



Photo, Cribb.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT: The Naval Brigade from H.M.S. "Victory" (Naval Barracks) advancing with their 12-pounders.

Photo, C. H. Park.

TELEPHONE GIRLS ON STRIKE: The Telephone Girls' Deputation awaiting the arrival of Lord Stanley at the G.P.O.

Photo, View and Portrait Co.

THE SEA-LION'S KISS: A unique snapshot at the Zoo.

A "Spook" in Parliament.

The astral body of Sir Carne Rasch is becoming a subject of overpowering Parliamentary interest. Two such trained sceptics as to Ministerial phenomena as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleague, Colonel Sir Arthur Hayter, have now come forward and confessed with Sir Gilbert Parker to having seen Sir Carne Rasch in the House when he was away ill. In an interview which he gave to the *Express* Lobby representative, Sir Arthur said: "I am positive that I and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman saw Sir Carne Rasch. We were struck by two peculiarities — his extreme pallor and visible 'un-himself-ishness,' and by the fact that he occupied a seat remote from his usual place, which is above the gangway." It will be remembered that these two points were particularly noticed by Sir Gilbert Parker. Sir Arthur Hayter is quite unable to account for the attention bestowed by himself and his leader upon Sir Carne Rasch. But he was much impressed by the remarkable, striking, and altogether unusual presentment of the Conservative member for the Chelmsford Division. He looked hard and curiously at the vision. Of the resemblance he had no kind of doubt whatever. The picture presented by the usually alert and watchful baronet was striking. Sir Arthur would not say it was eerie, but it attracted involuntary and irresistible attention. Nor would he ascribe any specific emotion to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at this remarkable moment. Sir Henry may have taken refuge in a joke. He certainly fired one off. But the very jest may have screened an involuntary sense of mysterious unreality. Sir Gilbert Parker did not take the matter so lightly. "When Rasch accepted my nod, with what looked very like a glare,' he said, "and met my kindly inquiry with silence I was just a little surprised. And when Rasch who had been, but was not, for he had as silently vanished, I put my hand to my head thus, and swiftly asked myself if it were possible that poor Rasch, whose illness was in the papers, had—had—well, died."

A Society Nonagenarian.

A shoal of birthday congratulations poured in on Tuesday week upon the Hon. Charlotte Somerset, on the attainment of her ninetieth year.

Mr. J. Gregory, of the 4th Dragoons.

Born to Lord Fitz-Roy James Henry Somerset, afterwards the first Lord Raglan, youngest son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, the Hon. Charlotte Somerset came into the world when England was still ringing with the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba, and Wellington and Blücher were preparing for Quatre Bras and Waterloo, where her father lost an arm. George III. was still on the Throne of England and Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister. When George IV. was crowned Lord Raglan's daughter was barely five years old, and she was still a schoolgirl when William IV. succeeded him. Full of honours earned in the Peninsula, at Badajoz and Salamanca, Ciudad Rodrigo and Talavera, the Alma and Inkerman, her father fell at Sebastopol, Commander of the British Army; and she has lived to see a third Lord Raglan succeed to the title he so nobly won, and to take her father's great-grandchildren upon her knee.

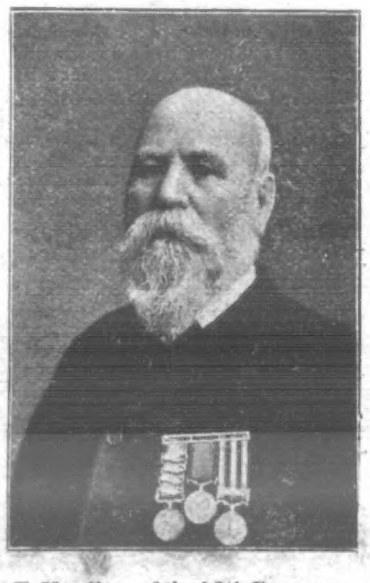
The King's Escape.

The *Cambridge Daily News* states that an alarming accident befell the King on leaving the Newmarket racecourse last week. The Royal carriage was proceeding towards the town in the stream of traffic when a sudden stoppage was caused by a motor-car. The King's carriage was pulled up promptly, but the driver of a vehicle containing five men, which followed immediately behind, was not as quick, and his horse's head struck the King violently in the back. A horse in the rear of the second carriage also became restive. Much commotion was caused for a minute or two, but the King was not injured.

Survivors of the Light Brigade.

Mr. T. H. Roberts writes to us from 158, Fleet Street:

In consequence of the want of financial support to the Balaclava Light Brigade Charge Survivors' Relief Fund I am obliged to once more ask your help in making known its claims. Her Gracious Majesty the Queen is patron of the fund. I have paid away to my twenty-eight pensioners during the present quarter £150, and the subscriptions to date from the quarter amount to £22 5s. 2d. There is no invested sum, so that the fund lives from hand to mouth, and it is the only practicable means which exists to keep from starvation twenty-eight veritable survivors of the Balaclava Light Brigade charge. I have spent over fifteen hundred pounds out of my own pocket in paying expenses connected with the fund during the nearly eight years of its existence, and I do hope this appeal to the patriotism and charity of the public will result in such a response



E. Hendley, of the 13th Dragoons,

Jas. Mustard, of the 17th Lancers.

as will enable me to ensure that the few remaining days of these veterans shall not be spent in want or the workhouse. All the books, accounts, &c., of this fund, duly certified by a chartered accountant, are open here for inspection any day between nine and six by persons who desire information as to the fund. Meanwhile eight-and-twenty men, who over fifty years ago fought for their country, look to this fund to find them the commonest necessaries of existence. Shall they look in vain? Government help is beyond hope. What will the public do?

New or Old?

The case of a Colonial, said to have been robbed of £200, shows yet one more variety of the confidence trick. There are many forms, all with the same end. One of the most impudent, however, is that which the present writer has seen practised in railway trains running to the holiday resorts of the north. It is a combination of the confidence and three-card tricks. The plan is for three or four confederates to drop one by one into a carriage containing two or three likely-looking simpletons. The gang are supposed to be strangers one to another, and distribute themselves so that they have *bonâ-fide* passengers between them. Then the man with the cards produces his paraphernalia, drones his little piece, and "lures" a confederate or two into playing. One holds back, reluctant, but presently comes in with an unexpected device.

Working the Cards.

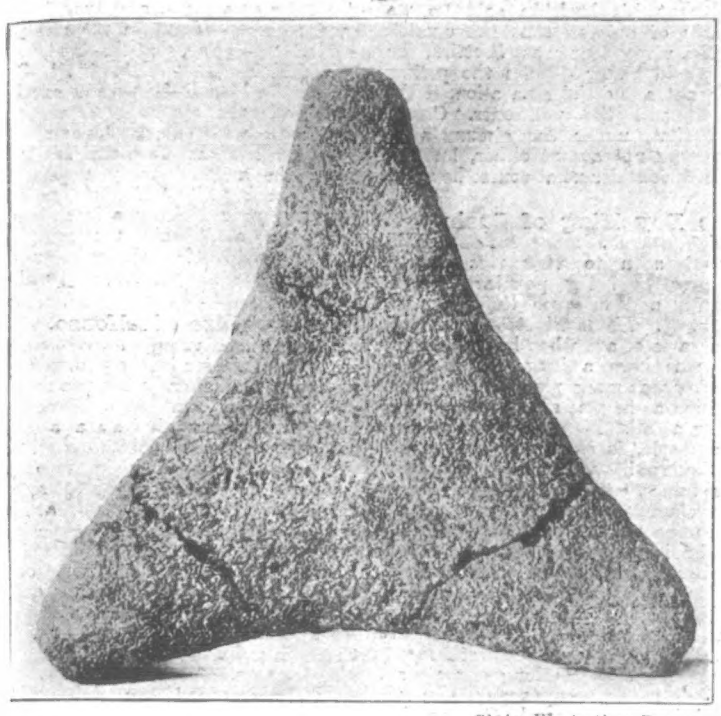
"Bet you a sovereign you can't find the lady!" says the chief executioner. "Done!" says the new comer into the ring. Down goes his sovereign, and "Why, that's it!" says he, picking the right card. As he does so, he deliberately bends a corner of the card, so that all in the carriage can see which it is and find it every time, let the manipulator juggle his shuffle never so ingeniously. The only man who cannot see it, apparently, is the one most concerned. He blandly cuts and shuffles and throws, never noticing, poor man! that the winning card is dog-eared. And now the fortitude of the simpletons is tried. "Anybody can find that card," says one, meaning to give the supposed victim the hint. "Well, you back your fancy, or else don't interrupt the game," says the man with the cards. The pigeon, nettled at this reception of his friendly warning, puts down a sovereign, and perhaps his friend does the same. Then on goes the money of the confederate. "That's the card!" he says, deliberately picking the wrong one. His partner rakes in the money, and at the next station all depart for another compartment.

Sergt.-Major E. Hughes, of the 13th Light Dragoons.

(1) MR A. J BALFOUR MP ON A SLACK DAY IN THE HOUSE MIGHT DREAM HIMSELF ELSEWHERE
(2) OR MR CHAMBERLAIN MP UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES FANCY HE WAS AMONG HIS ORCHIDS
(3) MR KIPLING'S SUBCONSCIOUS SELF AT HIS FAVOURITE PASTIME WHEN HIS MATERIAL FORM IS CREATING BALLADS
(4) MR C.B.FRY DURING JOURNALISTIC CARES WOULD PERHAPS MATERALISE AS ABOVE
(5) MR G.R.SIMS AT BATTLEDORE IF HE COULD SPARE THE TIME
DUDLEY CLEAVER 05.

SPOOKS IN PARLIAMENT: The possibilities of the astral body. The psychological imagination of our irresponsible artist.

(*See "News of the Week."*)



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

This photograph shows a piece of bread baked about 2500 B.C. and found among the debris of the Royal Temple at Dei-el-Bahri on the Nile. It was exhibited last week to the Society of Arts by Mr. H. R. Hall, the Egyptian explorer.

hotel, and, glancing over the visitors' book, noted among the registered names, "Mr. Barclay Warburton of Philadelphia and valet." Mr. Davis at once seized a pen and wrote boldly beneath it, "Mr. Richard Harding Davis of Philadelphia and valise."

When Should a Man Become His Own Master?

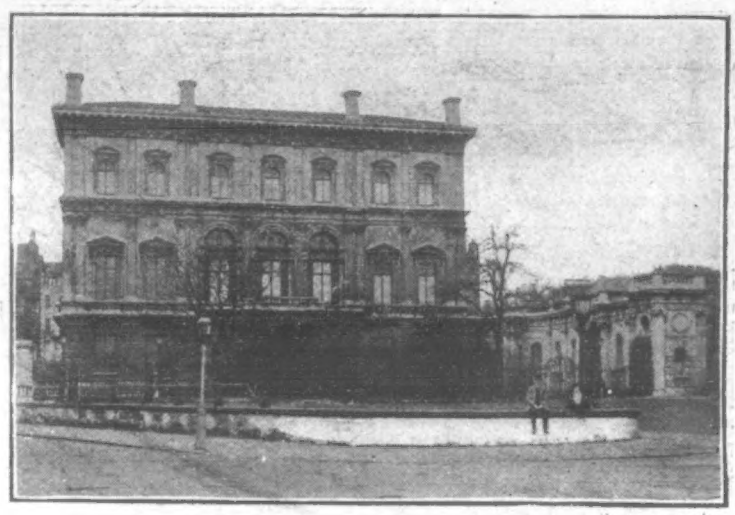
It is the duty of every young man who is ambitious to ask himself this important question. If, however, he is doubtful as to the answer, a practical and convincing article on this subject, which appears under the general heading of "The Secrets of Success" in next week's number of *Smith's Weekly*, will help him to form his opinion.

Notorious.

An architect remarked to a lady that he had been to see the great nave in the new church. The lady replied, "Don't mention names—I know the man to whom you refer!"—*Daily News.*

A Great Swimmer.

A notable swimming performance was carried through on the Yarra by Miss Annette Kellermann, the young lady whose swimming feats have already made her famous in Australia. Miss Kellermann is leaving for England in a fortnight's time there to make an attack on all long distance records held by male and female swimmers. Prior to leaving Australia, however, she determined to leave behind her a long-distance record. Only a couple of months ago she swam five miles in the Yarra in 1hr. 48min., a very notable performance, but it did not satisfy her.



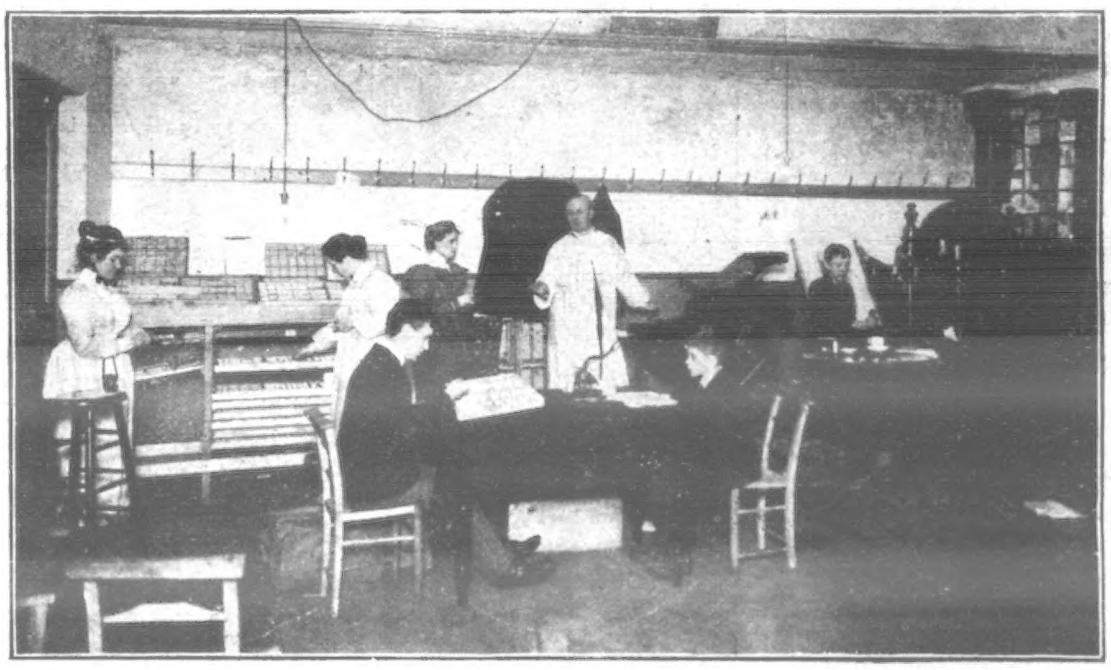
DORCHESTER HOUSE, one of London's great palaces in Park Lane, which has been taken by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new U.S. Ambassador, at a rent of 4,500 guineas a year, in order that he may entertain regally during his term of office.

Ambassador's Mansion.

The new American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, is coming to London in princely state, and will entertain on a lavish scale. His agents in London were instructed some months ago to take one of the finest residences in the British capital, and, true to their mandate, they have taken Dorchester House, Park Lane, the finest private mansion in London, at a rental of 4,500 guineas a year. Dorchester House belongs to Captain Holford, the King's equerry. Mr. Whitelaw Reid sailed from New York on May 27, and is expected to reach London about June 4. He will then have the luxury of driving straight to Dorchester House, and finding it lavishly furnished and garnished, and supplied with highly-trained servants. From Dorchester House the new Ambassador will drive to Buckingham Palace to submit his credentials to the King. The broad and beautiful staircase—one of the finest in England—the long galleries, with their open arches, reminiscent everywhere of the architecture in the pictures by Paul Veronese, the stately halls, hung with paintings by Bronzino, Velasquez, Titian, and the Dutch masters, will be the scene of much entertaining. In response to a personal cablegram from Lord Roberts, Mr. Reid has accepted the invitation of the Pilgrims to dine with them on June 23, and at this gathering he will probably make his first public speech in London. On July 4 he will receive London Americans at his Independence Day reception at Dorchester House, and will make another speech at the Independence banquet.

A Printing Press in Church.

Most visitors to London, and, probably, without exception, those who are interested in its antiquities, make a point of seeing the few churches which escaped the Great Fire of 1666, among them the quaint little church of St. Ethelburga, in Bishopsgate Street Within. Passing through the passage beneath the little shops which half-mask its front, they find themselves among "Early English" masonry of the thirteenth century. Beyond the east end of the church a surprise now awaits the curious wayfarer, for in the vestry-room he is again confronted with the twentieth century in the form of a printing press in regular use. The enterprising Rector, who set up this press some months ago, has already produced some very neat specimens of the typographical skill of himself and his assisting parishioners—a beautifully printed description of the church with illustrations among them. The parish magazine also makes a regular appearance monthly from the vestry-room of St. Ethelburga's. Our photograph shows the staff at work.



Photo, C. H. Park.

A CLERICAL PRINTING OFFICE: The parson of St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate Street, superintends, edits, and prints his own parish magazine, with the assistance of a few of his parishioners. The picture shows him in the printing room at work with his assistants.

The Author of "The Dictator."

The *Gentlewoman* tells a good story of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the well-known author. In the days when he was not as famous or as well off as he is now a story is told of him that he arrived in New York from Philadelphia with what is known as a "grip" or bag in his hand. He went to a well-known

Photo, Topical.

MISS KELLERMANN, the wonderful young lady swimmer, who is shortly coming to this country, of whom we give an account in our "News of the Week."

Startling Suicide at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg society has been shocked by the suicide of the seventeen-year-old daughter of Senator Schamchine, who blew out her brains with a revolver at the Hotel de l'Europe. According to the popular version of the tragedy Mdlle. Schamchine killed herself because she had become involved in a political plot which had been discovered by the police, and she feared arrest. Several prominent society ladies are said to be implicated in the affair, and further tragic sequels are feared.

The New Ambassador.

Mr. Choate's successor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, is one of the few journalists who have become Ambassadors. He is a man of a very varied experience, having filled the offices at different times of soldier, war correspondent, journalist, cotton-planter, Librarian of the House of Representatives, author, newspaper proprietor, and Ambassador.

Mr. Reid as a Journalist.

Mr. Reid is already known to Londoners. He represented the President at the Jubilee, and also at the Coronation. In his own country he first won his spurs as a war correspondent in the great duel between the Northern and Southern States. He is said to have been the first man who ever telegraphed a description of a battle from the battlefield while the fighting was still in progress. Returning to New York, he was assistant editor of the *New York Tribune*, under Horace Greeley; became editor of that paper, and has also been its proprietor for some five-and-thirty years.

MDLLE. SCHAMCHINE (the seventeen-year-old daughter of Senator Schamchine), who committed suicide last week.

THE DEFENDANT'S FATHER MOTHER & SISTER
MISS FLORENCE WEINER THE DEFENDANT
MR HENRY LYONS THE PLAINTIFF.
MRS. WOLF PLAINTIFF'S SISTER.
A CURIOUS BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.
MRS LYONS PLAINTIFF'S MOTHER

SPECIAL "P. I. P." SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.

Lady Sued for Breach of Promise.

It was an unusual case which came before Mr. Justice Phillimore and a common jury, in the King's Bench Division, last week, when Henry Michael Lyons sued Miss Florence Weiner for breach of promise. After a deal of amusing evidence had been given, the case was adjourned, with a view to a settlement.

Badly Needed.

From a North Dakota paper: "It is reported that one of the fastidious newly-married ladies of Harvey, N.D., kneads bread with her gloves on."

Editorial comment: "The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his pants on; and unless some of the delinquent subscribers to this 'Old Rag of Freedom' pay up before long, he will need bread without a —— thing on—and North Dakota is not a Garden of Eden either in the winter time."

France's Strawberry Land.

What Hampshire is to England, in the matter of strawberries, that the Vanchise country is to France. It is *par excellence* the land of strawberries. They are at once its ornament, its odour, and its fortune. Amid the war disasters of 1870 they saved the province from the misery which weighed heavily on the rest of France, and since then they have carried it on to an ever-increasing prosperity. More than one-fourth of the land is given up to strawberry culture, and thousands of persons are for forty days employed as gatherers. The scene at this period resembles Kent in the hop-picking season. Paris eats most of the fruit. It has already had 300 tons this season.

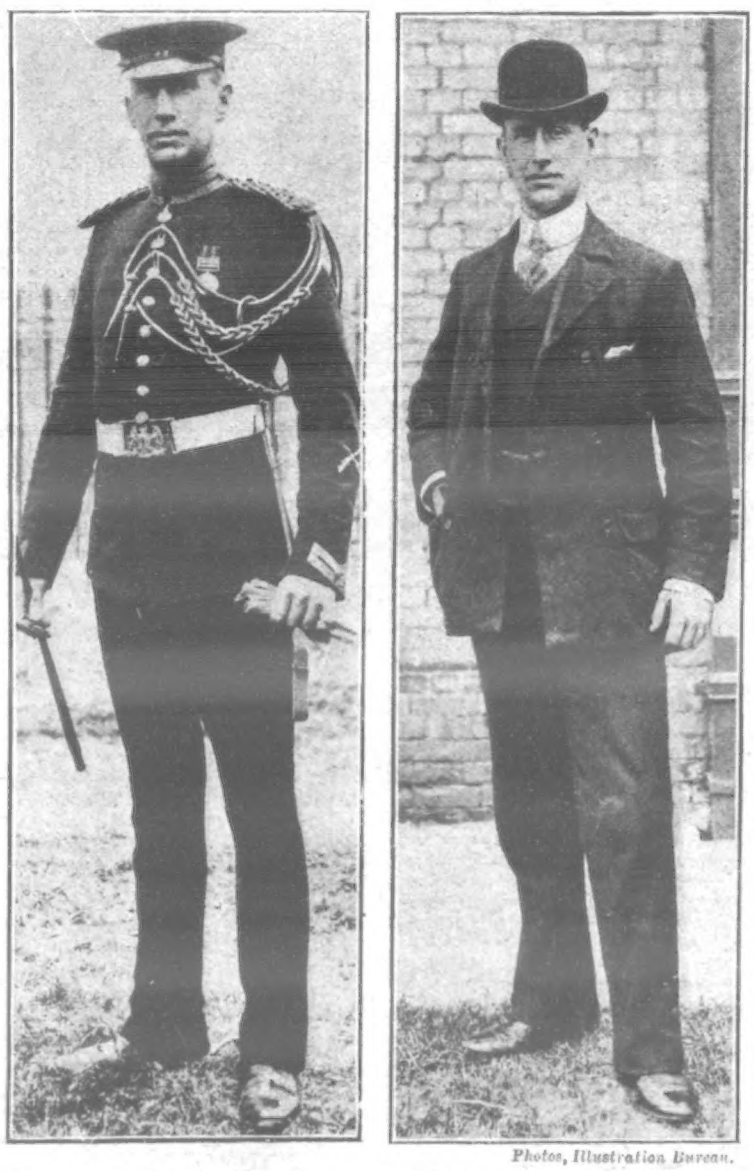
The Burglars' Humour.

After partaking of whisky and stout out of champagne glasses, a whole Severn salmon, a large piece of beef, a dozen soused mackerel, and three loaves of bread, burglars who visited the Crown Hotel, St. Margaret's, placed a row of bottles of champagne and whisky, together with clean glasses, along the counter. In a note to the landlord the nocturnal visitors thanked him, and hoped "the next who comes along will enjoy himself as well as we have done."

A Letter from Japan.

The *Times* prints the following letter from a young Japanese named Yuzaburo Horii, who writes from No. 5, Nichyome Tsukiji Kyobashiku, Tokio, enclosing a Japanese picture postcard: "I thank you most sincerely for your profound sympathy towards our country. First of all I fear you can't understand my letter, there being much mistaken expression in it on account of my little knowledge of English, because I am a mere boy 18 years old, and attending a middle school. I am very glad to say that our army has ever gained the battles splendidly. May I ask you by return of post fine cards of your country in commemoration of the alliance of the West and East? I will forward you many of our war cards. I would be very much pleased if you would kindly give my address to your paper readers in the different places of England for making exchange your country's view and Japanese on my side."

UNIFORM v. MUFTI.



Photos, Illustration Bureau.

Non-commissioned army officers are asking permission to go about in mufti. The above two photos are of the same man (Corporal Ward, of the 1st Life Guards) in uniform and in mufti. Comment is needless.

The Accepted Design of the New King's College Hospital, which is to be built at Denmark Hill, London, close to the proposed Ruskin Park.

The Richest Baby.

The question of over-taxing Nicholas Brown, aged four years, who is known as the world's richest baby, is now occupying the American authorities. The child, an orphan, possesses personal property estimated to be worth over £2,000,000. Baby Brown's assessment (says the *Telegraph's* correspondent) was raised lately by several thousand pounds, and his lawyers are combating the case.

Doctor and Matron.

Mr. Justice Deane resumed the hearing of the petition of Mrs. E. B. Livingstone, matron of a Glasgow hospital, alleging misconduct against her husband, Dr. John Livingstone, of Barry Dock, South Wales, with Miss Mary Evans, a hospital nurse. His lordship intimated that he was satisfied as to the allegations of cruelty. Counsel then addressed the court on the question of domicile. The doctor himself had given his domicile as being at Barry. Mr. Justice Deane said that that was his residence, as distinct from his domicile. Counsel said that Dr. Livingstone only intended to go back to Scotland if he made his fortune (laughter). After some further argument his lordship said he was clearly of opinion that the domicile of the respondent was Scottish, but he would either dismiss the petition or grant a judicial separation, if that would suit the petitioner. Counsel said that, under the circumstances, he would not accept either, but take time to consider what course he should adopt.

The Boy King of Spain.

The Spanish King Alfonso XIII., who is soon to visit this country, believes in being popular with his people, and he goes the right way about it. He is nineteen years old, and came of age when he was sixteen. He was born a king, and his high destiny was made plain to him almost as soon as he was able to realise anything at all. He goes freely amongst his people, is curious to know their methods of life and industry, goes down coal mines, out into the fields, through the class-rooms of universities, and upon the railway engines. Interested in having everything explained, he desires intimately to know the conditions, aspirations, and needs of his subjects. His education, of course, has been scrupulously looked to. Cardinal Merry de Val himself saw to his religious instruction; separate and skilful instructors taught him the English, French, and German languages. He is long-limbed, of graceful bearing, a good fencer and boxer, and a fearless horseman. At present King Alfonso XIII. is taking a very active personal share in the government of his country. He is thus only following the example set by his father. On one or two days each week at least he presides over the General Council of Ministers. He receives every day the Prime Minister, who gives his Majesty an account of all the public business. Every day, also, he receives one or other Minister responsible for a special department. For instance, on a Monday he may receive the Minister for Foreign Affairs, on a Tuesday the Minister of War, and so on.

King Alfonso's "Sport."

King Alfonso had a little adventure rather unusual with sovereigns recently. His Majesty was walking in the Prado, when a bullock broke from a herd that was being driven, and tearing away at full gallop, showed every disposition for using its horns among the pedestrians and equipages. There was a regular stampede, but the King showed his spirit, and, drawing his revolver, brought the beast down with two or three swiftly delivered shots.

Moustaching His Majesty.

When Alfonso was little more than five years of age, a famous sculptor was engaged to make a statue of his Majesty. The sculptor had difficulty in finding a pose for his subject which should be at once spirited and natural, and sat one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out of the window. All at once the sound of a band of music was heard in the street. The King sprang up, and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute. "The flag, sir! the flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!" The sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made the statue represent the King in the act of saluting his country's flag. As he was at work the boy asked the artist, "Are you going to make me big?" "The statue will represent your Majesty a little larger than you are," said the sculptor. "Well," said the Royal youngster, "I want you to make me very big, with a long moustache!"

An Adventure of Alfonso.

There is something of the German Kaiser's character in the young King of Spain, and already his people are well aware of that fact. Recently, when driving through Malaga, a small and ragged urchin broke through the guards and jumped right into his carriage. "What have you to say?" asked the King. "I want a new jacket and shoes, your Majesty." "But have you no father?" inquired Alfonso. "Yes," replied the boy; "but he is too poor to give me any." The young monarch thereupon took his address. "Are you not going to thank his Majesty?" inquired the aide-de-camp. "No, sir; but may the King live for ever!" was the startling reply.

His First Love Affair.

In Madrid a pathetic little story is told of the young King of Spain's first love affair. When he was on his tour through Spain, Alfonso XIII. met his distant cousins, the Princesses of Orleans, at Seville. He promptly fell in love with the younger of them, and the Queen of Portugal thought for a moment that the two kingdoms were to be united by a Royal wedding. But before the love affair had gone very far, the Queen-mother of Spain heard of it, and, as she intends her only son to marry into a reigning family, she determined to put a stop to the idyll. The young King was, therefore, informed by his Ministers that he must continue his tour, and by his departure an end was put to what at one time seemed a very promising love match.

A Royal Wager.

An amusing story is told of King Alfonso's participation in the pigeon-shooting contest at Casa de Campo, near Madrid. When at Xeres, his Majesty greatly admired one of Señor Rivero's horses, which, however, he refused to accept as a present. Meeting Señor Rivero at the pigeon-shooting contest, a private match was made between them, the conditions being that if the King lost he should present Señor Rivero with a 100-pesetas gold piece. In the event of Señor Rivero losing, he was to present the King with a memento of Xeres. The artful Señor lost, and at once presented the King with the horse of his admiration. His Majesty had to accept, but he sent Señor Rivero, in exchange, one of the finest horses in the Royal stables.

Photo, Illustration Bureau.

JOHN BURNS II. is the name by which Mr. Geo. Haley, of Brentford, is known. He is a navvy, and has just defeated a well-known doctor by thirty-one votes in a District Council election.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

This cricket season bids fair to make history. In the first place the Australians have already proved that we shall have to put out our best efforts to beat them, and at the same time we have that splendid all-round player of Yorkshire, George Hirst, giving a wonderful batting display in

Photo, Foster.

Hon. F. S. Jackson, who has been appointed captain of the English team which is to meet the Australians on May 29.

compiling 341 against Leicestershire. Without a doubt the performance of the sturdy Yorkshireman is quite the best thing of the season. It is the highest innings ever scored for the county, and is the sixth highest ever put up by any individual batsman. The five above him are: 424—Maclaren, v. Somerset, Taunton, July, 1895; 365*—Hill, v. N. S. W., Adelaide, December, 1960; 357*—Abel, v. Somerset, Oval, May, 1899; 344—Grace, v. Kent, Canterbury, August, 1876; 343*—Perrin, v. Derbyshire, Chesterfield, July, 1904.

But harking back to the Australians. There can be no question but that they will give us something to do if we are to retain the "ashes" that Warner and his merry men rescued from the Australian urn last winter. If the side that represented the Gentlemen of England at Lord's last week were anything like representative of English cricket, we should possess but a sorry chance.

I saw every ball that was bowled in what should have been a great game, and I unhesitatingly say that it was no more a fair test of the cricket prowess of England and Australia than would be a race between a Derby winner and a "plater." Our amateurs looked an uncommonly good side on paper, but they never made the slightest show in their second innings, and the ignominy of their defeat cannot be too severely commented on.

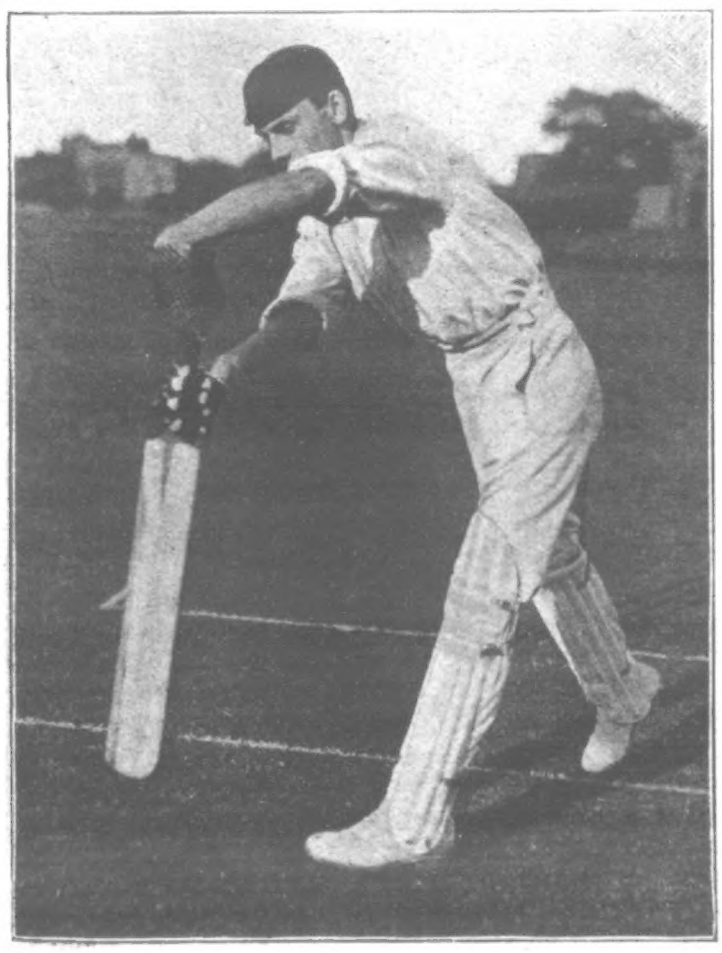
A glance at the names of the players will be sufficient to convince the least careful observer that there was something radically wrong with our men. Warner made some very fine strokes in his first innings of 85, and seemed to like the fast deliveries of Cotter; and another batsman on the Gentlemen's side who played good cricket was Capt. E. G. Wynyard; but it should not be forgotten that C. B. Fry, when playing at his very best, had the bad luck to play a ball on to his foot, from whence it rolled into the wicket.

Saturday was certainly a day of disaster for the Gentlemen. A total of 66 for a team which included such batsmen as were playing was "too wicked for words." A lot of second raters playing for a minor county might easily have done better. There was little in the condition of the wicket to account for the collapse, for though it kicked just a bit at the nursery end, it was not sufficient to make run-getting difficult.

So far as the counties are concerned, the northern shires are carrying all before them. Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Notts are undefeated, and unless Middlesex, Surrey, and the rest of our southern counties can show vast improvement on what they have already accomplished there is little chance of the premier honours coming south. Middlesex seem to be quite out of joint. Surrey want more bowlers to back up Lees. Essex are unable to put up even a decent fight, whilst Sussex have little hope of gaining top honours.

Some interesting games were started on Monday. The M.C.C. had for opponents Kent at Lord's, and a fairly even day's play resulted. Surrey opposed Warwickshire at the Oval, and had nothing the worst of the deal on the first day's play. Essex and Derbyshire met at Leyton, and the occasion was signalised by A. E. Lawton making a century. The latter is a well-known figure down south, as, besides being the Derbyshire captain, he has rarely missed an opportunity of playing for London County at the Crystal Palace, under the captaincy of the "grand old man." He is a very good batsman, indeed, and for the Gentlemen of England against the Australians at the Crystal Palace he made top score, and deserved every run he got.

THE NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEET: "Cicero," winner of the Newmarket Stakes. D. Maher up.



THE HOPE OF SURREY: Hobbs at the wicket.

Everybody must rejoice that Walter Brearley and the Lancashire County Club have settled the difference which threatened to keep the famous fast bowler out of first-class cricket. He did fine work for his county against Worcestershire, but whether he will be chosen as England's fast bowler in the first "test" match, which begins at Nottingham next Monday, was not known at the time of writing. The chief fact in connection with that all-important contest is the appointment of the Hon. F. S. Jackson as captain, and the old Cantab will lead England in all five representative games with Australia. By the way, Frank Laver has done a good deal more than act as manager to the Colonial tourists, and after his many fine performances in the field it is difficult to see how he can be left out of the Australian team for Monday next.

RACING.

Next Wednesday the Derby will be run, and Epsom Downs will present the usual animated holiday appearance, for it matters little if the weather be fine or wet, people *will* go to see the greatest event of the racing season. Lord Rosebery's horse, Cicero, is unbeaten, and it would be a popular victory if the primrose and rose hoofs of the ex-Premier should finish in the van. It is ten years since Sir Visto won for Lord Rosebery, who also took the race in 1894 with Ladas. Chief opposition to Cicero appears to come from France, Jardy and Val d'Or both having done great things across the Channel.

Photo, Cartwright.

The Wimbledon Canine Association's Dog Show at the People's Palace: The largest and smallest dogs in the show—Mrs. A. Blank's black-and-tan "Marie Forget-Me-Not," and Mr. John Schmidt's Great Dane "Kentish Princess."

GOLF.

The international match between England and Scotland ended in a victory for the Scots by 6 matches to 3. And the success was fully deserved, for had the contest been decided by holes, the win would have been all the more pronounced. The Scots who won were R. Maxwell, J. Graham, junior, C. K. Hutchison, E. Blackwell, R. Andrew, and C. E. Dick, while England's winners were H. H. Hilton, S. H. Fry, and Hon. O. Scott. The Amateur Championship commenced on Monday last, when some curious play was seen. I shall, however, have to leave comment on the event over until next week.

The Cycling Revival.

The most remarkable feature of the outdoor life of the nation to-day is the sudden increase in the popularity of the bicycle. This revival is due to the fact that this year for the first time in the history of the pastime Rudge-Whitworths—the most perfect guarantee bicycles—have been reduced in price to a level at which previously only the unreliable and dangerous machines sold by jobbers and irresponsible dealers could be obtained. Every cyclist can now buy Rudge-Whitworth cycles, of which there are seventy models, at common-sense prices from £5 5s. to £15 15s. Every Rudge-Whitworth is built throughout at the great Coventry Works, whence they are sent packed free and carriage paid to any station through any respectable dealer or direct from the Rudge-Whitworth Company.

SCHOOLBOY'S RECORD JUMP.

W. H. Dunnett, who at Ipswich School Sports set up a record for public school sports by jumping 22ft. 3in. The existing record was 21ft. 10in., made by C. L. Lockton (Merchant Taylors') in 1875. C. B. Fry, when a public school boy, could only cover 21ft. The second boy to Dunnett cleared 21ft. 1in., while the third lad, only sixteen years of age, was credited with 19ft. 8in. Dunnett, who is seventeen years old, will be two more years at school, so it is possible that he may improve on this performance.

The Royal Weddings.

Two Royal weddings take place almost immediately. The German Crown Prince, who corresponds in his own country to our Prince of Wales, is to be married on June 6 to the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whilst a little more than a week later our English Princess Margaret of Connaught will wed the Swedish Prince Gustav Adolf at Windsor.

It is now possible to give in some detail the plans which will make of the German Crown Prince's wedding next month, the most magnificent spectacle Germany has seen since Wilhelm II. ascended the throne. Although the wedding date is Tuesday, June 6, celebrating will begin several days before that when Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin leaves the palace of her brother, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Scwherin, with whom she has always lived.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE: German Court Chaplain Drysander, who will perform the wedding ceremony.

To her special train of blue and gold, with its flower-bedecked locomotive, the bride-elect will be attended by the highest civil and military authorities of the State, as well as by private members of the Mecklenburg aristocracy, and her escort through to Berlin will be the Grand Duke himself.

As the gorgeous train starts on its three-hour journey to the German capital the guard of honour drawn up on the platform will present arms, the drums will roll, and a blast of trumpets, with the cheers of throngs of schoolchildren, will announce the departure of Germany's future Empress. The fortress of Schwerin will repeat the soldiers' signal by a salute of thirty-three guns.

Although the Royal special makes no stop to Berlin, at every one of the twenty stations between Schwerin and the capital it will slacken speed slightly in order that the young Duchess shall see the mayors and chief officers of each town, who, in full uniform, with a guard of honour, will stand at the salute as she passes.

The arrival at Berlin will be a still more impressive affair. With the Emperor and his six sons on the platform will stand Prince Henry of Prussia and four other Royal Princes of the Hohenzollern house. As Court etiquette gives precedence to the Emperor on this occasion, he will be first to embrace and kiss his son's bride. After the Duchess kisses her future husband and shakes hands with the other Royal princes, the party will walk down a lane of soldiers to an open carriage, in the first one of which the Emperor, the Duchess, and the Crown Prince will ride to the Imperial Castle, the Kaiser having the place of honour beside the bride-elect. This carriage will be drawn by six white horses, and will be preceded and followed by squadrons of cavalry guards.

In the Imperial Castle the German Empress will greet her future daughter-in-law, and there the latter will stay until the wedding day. The Crown Prince will continue to reside at Potsdam, spending each day only in Berlin, as etiquette forbids his living in the same building with his bride just before their marriage.

Since the new cathedral in which the wedding will take place is less than 300 yards from the Castle, the bridal party, in three sections, will walk from one building to the other. First will come the Crown Prince, gorgeous in his uniform of the First Guards regiment, decorated with all the numerous orders to which he belongs, and accompanied by his five brothers and his own suite. As this party reaches the altar the Emperor and Empress, with all the Royal guests, will leave the Castle. Beside the Prussian Royal family, there will be the Prince of Wales, representing England, the King of Spain, Grand Duke Michael, representing Russia, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, the Duke of Aosta, and enough rulers of smaller German states and lesser princes and princesses to bring the number of Royal personages well over fifty.

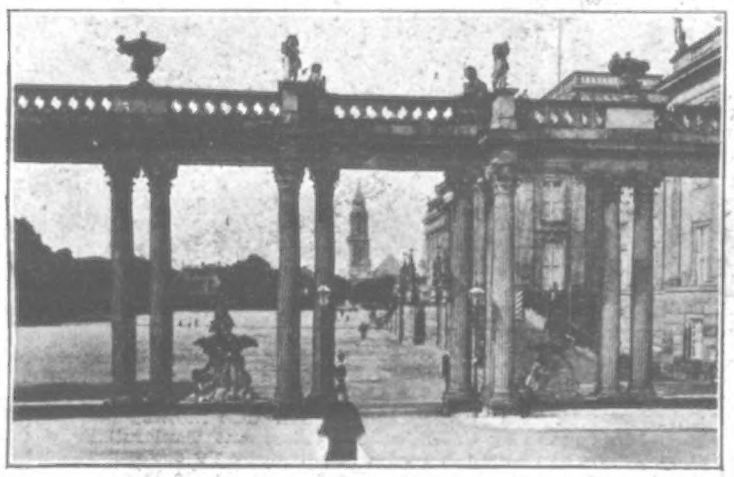
The bride will be the climax to this spectacle, entering arm-in-arm with her brother, to the music of a military march. The Duchess's wedding dress has cost £5,000, and her long white veil will be fastened with a wreath of myrtle. Beside the two young girls, belonging to the Mecklenburg aristocracy, who will attend her, and the twelve boy pages, in suits of black velvet, who will carry her train, there will be an escort of twelve young Mecklenburg noblemen. As this splendid procession comes in the whole company will rise and remain standing until it reaches the altar

It will take about half an hour for Court Chaplin Drysander and his assistants to complete this important union. During part of the ceremony the Royal couple will stand side by side, part of the time they will kneel, and at the actual moment the clergyman declares them man and wife they will clasp each other's right hands and stand thus until the Benediction. As soon as this is pronounced the Crown Prince will slip a ring upon the third finger of his bride's right hand, after which she will place another ring on the same finger of her husband's right hand. Then the organ will play a wedding march, and the forts round Berlin will thunder a salute of 101 guns, while the wedding party, led by the Kaiser, will offer congratulations to the happy couple.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE: The new cathedral in Berlin, where the Crown Prince's wedding will take place.

After the Kaiser and each Royal guest has signed the church register as witnesses of the marriage and the signatures of the bride and groom, the programme provides for a magnificent state banquet in the Imperial Castle. To this everybody will march in one long procession, the Crown Prince and Princess taking their places at one end of the central table. The Emperor and Empress will sit at the other end. Of course, the principal feature of this event will be the Kaiser's toast, when he is expected to make a momentous speech. In one of the Castle halls the wedding presents from all parts of the globe will be on view.

The wedding day's celebration will close with the departure of the Crown Prince and Princess for the former's estate in Silesia, where the couple will spend their honeymoon. After the honeymoon they will come back to the old Stadt Schloss, the palace in Potsdam built by Frederick the Great, which will be their principal home. One of the smaller palaces in Berlin also has been fitted up for a town residence.



A ROYAL MARRIAGE: Stadt Schloss, the future residence of the German Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam.

Princess "Daisy" of Connaught.

Princess Margaret, Prince Gustav Adolph's *fiancée*, is very nice-looking and has bright, unaffected manners; she is thoroughly English in all her ideas and tastes, and the Duchess of Connaught has brought up both her daughters to care as much for outdoor pursuits as she does herself. Prince Gustavus Adolphus, who is about ten months younger than his *fiancée*, is the eldest son of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden. The young couple have a mutual relation in the German Emperor. Princess "Daisy" will be much missed in her family circle, especially by her younger sister, Princess Patricia, the two having always been much together.

Princesses' Dull Lives.

The Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught are enthusiastic collectors of gems. They are great favourites of King Edward, and have been brought up in a delightfully simple fashion, as the following story, told in the *Lady's Magazine*, serves to show. An amusing story is told of the Princess Patricia to the effect that one day, when talking to a certain Major who was visiting her parents, she informed him that she thought people were very stupid who envied Princesses. She added: "Many I know have a very dull life, and so should we, only motherkins says that, as long as we remember we are ladies, we may forget about being Princesses. After all, you know, we are very unimportant Royalties."

A Story from Crathie.

The engagement of Princess Margaret has given pleasure to Queen Victoria's old neighbours at Crathie and Braemar, who remember the Duke of Connaught's children from infancy. "A Crathie resident tells the *British Weekly* that the village shop was often besieged by these youthful Royalties. Princess Margaret, at the age of four, made her own purchases and paid for them out of her own purse. She was very much

Photo, Press Picture.

The young King Alfonso of Spain, who is shortly visiting this country.

the little Princess even in these days, though her shy dignity disappeared among her friends of Crathie village, whom she used to visit in her pony-carriage from Palmoral.

The Royal Marriage.

The Lord Chamberlain has authorised the announcement that the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret Victoria Augusta Charlotte Norah, daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn, with his Royal Highness the Prince Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus Duke of Scania, eldest son of their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden and Norway, is appointed to take place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on Thursday, June 15 next.

The British Army's Youngest General.

Alfonso XIII., who celebrated his nineteenth birthday last week, is the youngest general in the British Army, which now numbers on its active list the oldest and youngest reigning Sovereigns of Europe, namely, the King of Denmark, aged eighty-seven, and the King of Spain, aged nineteen. The Army List contains the names of five crowned heads, the two Sovereigns already mentioned, the Kaiser Wilhelm and the Kaiser Franz Josef, and, of course, our own King, Edward VII. In the Duke of Cumberland, who has the rank of general, the Army also boasts a king *de jure*.

Photo, Dittrich, Cairo.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT AND PRINCE OSCAR GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN, who are to be married at Windsor on June 15.

REHEARSING FOR THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT: A SKETCH BEHIND THE SCENES AT ISLINGTON.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Does it Pay to be Selfish?

That is putting the matter on the lowest ground. Most people admit that, from a moral point of view, selfishness is utterly indefensible, although some persons forget occasionally to act up to the precept; but many have a lurking feeling that selfishness, although morally wrong, is a paying game.

Superficially considered, facts favour this view. Watch a person who is devoted to the interests of No. 1 and does not hesitate one second to take care of those interests, and you will be vexed to find that the said person gets what she wants more often than not. He or she—what a pity it is, by the way, that we have no general pronoun in our language that will answer for both genders!—he or she, then, will push into the omnibus on a wet evening, to the exclusion of a feebler would-be passenger or a woman with a baby; he keep the largest share to himself in a division, unmindful of appearances or covert hints and sneers; she seizes upon every chance of putting something in her own purse, careless whether it be just or not that she should do it, and exalting in the fact that he has scored where others have been too squeamish of conventionalities, or too timid to do likewise.

Nobody likes these persons, it is true, but they get things and enjoy them, while the unselfish individual goes without. That is the impression conveyed to your mind by a superficial study of the question.

Is that the true view? Do selfish people really find it pay? A thoughtful examination of the whole matter will enable you to say that, however, much they may seem to "get the best of it," yet in reality the advantage is on the side of the unselfish. The egotistical individual suffers in the end.

We are not touching on the moral aspect, or we might dilate on the satisfaction experienced by the self-effacing person when doing another a good turn. We leave all that aside, and we say that the lover of No. 1 loses ultimately; he defeats his own ends.

The selfish person is a marked individual, and when any chance is going, it is offered to someone else. By grabbing all, to use a forcible colloquialism, that person loses much more than she gains. In every conceivable way those who come in contact with this greedy one do their best to thwart her, and deprive her of the opportunity of securing something advantageous; they see where she has thrust aside another, and they strive to keep her back, so that the others may have fair play.

Everyone detests the selfish person, and where such a general sentiment exists, it must inevitably find expression in active effort against her! What can be the result of this general effort? Loss of material advantages, the very objective of all the selfishness manifested by her! And when trouble comes, where is the ready help that is shown to the unselfish person? "I tell you," said a prominent lady emphatically, "that the balance is very much on the wrong side, whatever may be suggested by mere appearances! I have studied the question thoroughly!"

Yorkshire Tea Cakes.

Ingredients—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one gill and a half of milk, one ounce of butter, one egg, half an ounce of German yeast, and a teaspoonful of caster sugar. Scatter the sugar over the yeast in a basin and work together with a spoon. Then heat the butter in the milk, and when dissolved, but only lukewarm, pour on to the yeast and sugar. Put the flour into a basin and pour the milk and yeast through a strainer on to it; add a beaten egg and mix all together. Flour a board and turn the dough on to it, beat it, and cut it into cakes. Place the tea cakes on a baking-sheet and let them rise for an hour, and then bake for a quarter of an hour.

Qualities of an Entertainer.

A flurried hostess or nervous host whose countenance betrays the anxiety felt can do more toward making the guests uncomfortable than if the soup were stone cold and the salad dressing were ruined by a too bountiful quantity of vinegar.

An imperturbable calm and a ready tact are the most important qualities in the making of a hostess. Secure these and you need never fear for the success of any of your entertainments.

There is no quality more to be desired to make a woman a social success than that of tact. Its possessor knows the right thing to do and the right time for doing it, and thus gains a reputation for cleverness and for many virtues which a tactless woman would never win from her circle of acquaintances, no matter how excellent her qualities of both heart and head.

The tactful woman is not only a patient listener, but she is a thoroughly good one. She shows no weariness even when she has heard the same story more than once from the same person, and she smiles in the right place, and appears to enjoy hearing jokes as much as her companion enjoys telling them. Tact is a weapon guided with a multitude of precautions and innocent wiles by the wise, and it is only the wise who possess it.

Kidneys and Potatoes.

Required: Half a pound of bullock's kidney, half an ounce of flour, pepper, salt, mashed potatoes, one onion.

First cut the kidney in slices about an inch thick; season the flour, and dip each piece of kidney into it. Melt a little dripping in a frying pan, put in the kidney, and fry a light brown. Chop the onion and add a teaspoonful of parsley, and fry these after the meat is done: add the rest of the flour and a teacupful of water. Stir all the ingredients together while it boils, then add the kidney. Cover with a plate and keep hot. Make a wall of mashed potatoes on a hot dish, put in the kidney, and serve as hot as possible.

The Education of Children.

Parents may often doubt how to educate their children, but on one point they need have no doubt; it is that, no matter how well and carefully they may be taught, they will in the main educate themselves.

Herbert Spencer puts the matter well when he says—

"In education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the fullest extent. Children should be led to make their own investigations, and to draw their own inferences. They should be told as little as possible, and induced to discover as much as possible. That humanity has progressed solely by self-instruction, and that to achieve the best results each mind must progress somewhat after the same fashion, is continually proved by the marked success of self-made men."

A Home Remedy for Ear-ache in Children.

Bake a Spanish onion. Take a small piece from its centre, and place in the ear aperture. Over this lay a handkerchief folded to make a pad; and keep in position by a bandage.

Photo, Mendelssohn.

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, whose memorial to the Colonials who fell in the recent South African War was unveiled on May 24.

Late Hours and Health.

It is a common belief that the early-to-bed folks have the best chance of longevity, but whether this is a fact is open to question. A German doctor, who has been making inquiries as to the habits of long-lived people, finds that the majority of them indulged in late hours. Eight out of ten people over eighty years of age never went to bed till the small hours of the morning, and made a practice of staying in bed until late in the day.

Hydrogen Peroxide.

This drug turns the hair "golden" when the existing hair colour is strong. But weakly coloured hair it may almost deprive of colour. If used too freely it causes the hair to become brittle. Often the shade of yellow it creates is too intense. These facts and a few others have led to its rather hasty condemnation by skin doctors. The truth is that the drug can be made to yield any shade from a slight bronzing to a pale straw, and can be so employed as to be quite harmless. The shade is secured by experimenting with strands of cut hair, or fallen hair tied in lengths and previously washed and rinsed. One specimen may be dipped in pure peroxide, another in peroxide containing twenty per cent. of water, and so on. Each hair length should be distinctly labelled. The dipping may be made daily on three successive days. The injurious action of the drug may be prevented by using it largely diluted, or, if pure, by using it very seldom, and by the daily employment of good nutrients. In choosing the latter one must be careful, as there are many commercial articles quite incompatible with hydrogen peroxide; and there are many prescriptions for hair lotions and pomades calculated to turn peroxide-soaked hair all the colours of the rainbow.

Too Good for Anyone but Mother.

The German Empress is a devoted mother, and is rewarded by being almost worshipped by her children. *A propos* of this, a charming story is told of Prince Adalbert, her third son, when he was quite a little boy.

One day the child was playing on the beach, and there found a small crystal, which he forthwith gave to the wife of a certain general who happened to be standing by.

"Thank you, dear little Prince," said the lady, "I think it is quite the prettiest little stone I have ever seen."

"Do you?" said Prince Adalbert. "If it is the prettiest you have ever seen, then let me have it back again, for I must give it to my mother."

Photo, Lassano.

MISS GORDON WALKER, the well-known society entertainer, who is renowned for skill on that most beautiful of instruments, the harp. Miss Walker is an American, and made her debut in this country in "Peter Pan." She will shortly appear in a sketch which has been written expressly for her.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Woman's Responsibility.

It is for us women in easy circumstances to set a good example, remembering how far-reaching the opposite course must be in its effects—to care for the welfare of our families and households, as also for our dependents and employés when in trouble or distress. . . . Women have the future of the race to make or to mar, and what is vice in a man becomes crime in a woman.—Susan Countess of Malmesbury in *Daily Graphic*.

The Estate Agent's Lady Typist.

I heard a story the other day of an estate agent who suffered at the hands of his lady typist. He told her to write to a lady informing her that she could have a flat at a certain price provided she repainted and redecorated it herself. But the fair scribe omitted the pronoun, and the indignation of the would-be purchaser was great when she was informed that she could have the flat "provided she repainted and redecorated herself." Needless to say, the offer was refused, and the lady sought a more tactful firm of agents.—"Hebe" in the *Gentlewoman*.

Are Men More Truthful than Women?

To speak the truth is not so simple as it sounds, even with the best intentions. First, you have to know it, then you have to know how to express it. The uneducated person is far less accurate than the educated, because his powers of observation are less and his vocabulary is poorer. Also, because he is fond of exaggeration and over-statement. In describing, for example, the domestic troubles of a friend, where the master would say, "They did not get on very well together," the servant would say, "They fought like cat and dog"—the latter, probably, a highly-coloured statement. But, of course, by far the greatest amount of untruthfulness is caused by fear. The lie is the weapon of the weak, the defence of those who are tyrannised over. That is why women are, as a whole, less truthful than men. The fact, indeed, is generally accepted, so that a "little fib" is forgiven to a woman when in a man it would be unpardonable. But where women are free, or have a position in which their sense of responsibility is brought out, they will be found to be as reliable as men. The headmistress of a girls' school, the principal of any institution, the woman engaged in important business will weigh her words in the same degree as a man; and as women are much quicker in observation of detail, and have a more sympathetic imagination, it may be that in such positions they are even more truthful than men.

But the ordinary woman, taught from a child to repress her private feelings and opinions, trained to "keep" someone or other in authority "in a good temper," cannot be expected to be as frank or as reliable as a man, who has so much less to be afraid of. Directly a boy or a man has any reason for fear, however slight, he becomes equally untruthful. A husband with a bad-tempered and exacting wife is an example of this. He deceives her—in small or large matters—for a quiet life. If you wish for truth, you must give freedom; there must be neither exaction nor tyranny. It is human to desire liberty, and the yoked human creature does not express his genuine opinions. The only way to train children to truthfulness is to refrain from giving them any cause for fear. A boy who has, in a weak moment, given way to the overwhelming temptation of stealing an apple will instinctively conceal or deny the fact if he knows harsh punishment is to follow. It is an instinct of self-preservation.

On the other hand, apart from this matter of fear, there is no doubt that much of women's gossip is hopelessly inaccurate because they know so little of the value of evidence; they are ready to believe anything they hear if it sounds interesting, amusing, or exciting. They do not stop to question the probability of statements made to them, and they are far too ready to believe any underhand information. A woman will have firm faith in anything told to her housemaid by somebody else's maid. She may not have encouraged her servant to gossip; she may be half ashamed of the way in which the news has reached her; but she will believe it simply because it is underhand. This is one of women's greatest mistakes, and one that men are far less likely to fall into.—"Elaine" in the *Referee*.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

"The Merchant of Venice," given at Drury Lane on Monday, with Sir Henry Irving as Shylock, will, I hear, after ten nights and two matinées, be followed by revivals of "The Bells," "Waterloo," and "Louis XI.," perhaps Sir Henry's greatest part. The full cast of "The Merchant of Venice" is here shown:

Shylock	Henry Irving.
Bassanio	Mr. Gerald Lawrence.
Duke of Venice	Mr. Mark Paton.
Antonio	Mr. James Hearne.
Prince of Morocco	Mr. Frank Tyars.
Salanio	Mr. William Lugg.
Salarino	Mr. Lionel Belmore.
Gratiano	Mr. H. B. Stanford.
Lorenzo	Mr. Vincent Sternroyd.
Tubal	Mr. J. Archer.
Launcelot Gobbo	Mr. Charles Dodsworth.
Old Gobbo	Mr. T. Reynolds.
Gaoler	Mr. W. Graham.
Leonardo	Mr. H. R. Cook.
Balthazar	Mr. W. Marion.
Stephano	Mr. W. L. Ablett.
Clerk of the Court	Mr. F. D. Daviss.
Jessica	Mrs. Cecil Raleigh.
Nerissa	Miss Cicely Richards.
Portia	Miss Edith Wynne Matthison.

At the Lyceum on Monday excerpts from English operas, performed by English artists, were included in the programme, a commencement being made with selections from "The Bohemian Girl," sung by Miss Una Brookshaw, Miss Nancy Rossiter, Mr. Edward Davis, and Mr. Henry Butcher, all leading members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

At the Alhambra on Monday that versatile and clever youth, Mr. Sylvester Schaffer, started his last fortnight. In due course there will be given at this hall a wonderful dumb dream-divertissement invented by the scenic artists Messrs. T. E. Ryan and Philip Howden, which, after staying there some time, will be sent on tour by the inventors.

Mlle. Mariska Recsey is giving at the Palace a capital Haute Ecole act, with some wonderful leaping incidents by a quartet of wolfhounds. Mr. H. A. Lytton also is singing "The Four Jolly Sailormen" from "The Princess of Kensington," assisted by his Savoy companions, Messrs. Powis Pinder, C. Childerstone, and Rudolph Lewis.

One of the most important events this week was the opening on Monday evening of the new and beautiful Waldorf Theatre, in which grand opera at moderate prices was given, alternating with dramatic performances by Madame Eleanora Duse. Mr. Henry Russell, the director of the opera season, had intended opening on Monday with Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," but, owing to the sudden illness of Madame Calvé, "I Pagliacci" had to be substituted, the cast including the noted tenor Signor de Lucia, Irene de Bohuss, Ancona, and Massa, Signor Amaldo Conti, conducting. Leoncavallo's opera was preceded by "Maestro di Capella" (Paens' one-act opera), in which Ferraris, Pini Corsi, and Massa appeared. On Tuesday night and Wednesday matinée, Madame Duse in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Wednesday night, the opera "L'Amico Fritz." Thursday matinée, "Traviata," and at night, "Magda." Friday night, "I Pagliacci" and "Serva Padrona," and on Saturday afternoon, "Cavalleria Rusticana" was followed at night by Madame Duse in "La Dame aux Camélias." It is announced that Madame Calvé will appear at the Waldorf Theatre early in June.

Miss Tita Brand produced at the Shaftesbury on Wednesday evening Mrs. J. T. Grein's version of the German play "Renaissance," of which the following is the cast:

Marchesa Gemara di Sansavell	Miss Marie Brema.
Vittorino (*her son*)	Miss Tita Brand.
Silvio da Feltre (*a painter*)	Mr. Hubert Carter.
Father Bentaboglio	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
Severino (*Precentor to Vittorino*)	Mr. Percy C. Waram
Isotta } *wards to the Marchesa* { Coletta }	Miss Alice Arden Miss Cora Buseh.
Mirra (*a model*)	Miss Lydia Busch.

The action takes place at the palace of the Marchesa in the Sabine Mountains.
Time: The end of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Martin Harvey began his season at the Lyric on Monday evening, being seen for the first time in London as Hamlet. In connection with this production, Mr. Harvey most heartily thanks his old chief, Sir Henry Irving, for his kind present of a copy of Furniss's Variorum edition of Shakespeare's play, also to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., and Professor Tyrell, of Trinity College, Dublin, for their valuable suggestions regarding the *mise-en-scène*, to Captain Hutton for advice in the fencing scene, and to Mr. George Frampton, R.A., and Mr. Phené Spiers for assistance given relating to the architectural features of the eleventh century.

Photo, Whitlock.

A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF MISS MAUDIE ANDREWS, a rising young actress.

On the first night of the "Creole" Miss Crawford had a most amusing experience. Shortly before the production she was talking with some friends on the custom of presenting flowers to artistes on a first night, saying in a joking manner that she wished the presents of her admirers took a more solid form—say, for instance, a can of cream. Her friends taking her at her word, before the curtain rose on the opening night a large can of cream arrived; this was soon followed by many others until her room resembled a small dairy.

At the Imperial Mr. Lewis Waller announces a new play by Mr. J. B. Fagan, the title of which was to have been "The Almighty Dollar," but, owing to this being already used, a new name will be chosen. Mr. Fagan's work is written in the essentially modern school, although the action takes place in a somewhat imaginative country. The story contains some strong situations, blended pleasantly with love and intrigue. Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. H. V. Esmond, and Miss Evelyn Millard will play the leading characters, in addition to a strong cast. It is not unlikely that other important productions of Mr. Fagan will be presented before the season closes.

An amusing story comes from New York. A company of negroes sang in grand opera, "Carmen" being selected for the first essay, to be followed by "Romeo and Juliet" on the next occasion. A large audience was present, composed entirely of negroes, and the negresses who filled the boxes were dressed in the latest fashion and covered with diamonds; flowers too were carried by the ladies and white gloves worn by the men. The tenor, a negro, played Don José with great success, but, owing to the illness of the *prima donna*, Carmen's part was taken by a white soprano. This lady, refusing to black up, gave a most strange effect of colour, which was increased by some half dozen whites being in the chorus. Notwithstanding this, the opera was a huge success.

At the Criterion Miss Ethel Irving will shortly add to her interesting programme by the revival of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's remarkable little play, "Comedy and Tragedy," the rehearsals of which Mr. Gilbert is himself conducting.

Mr. George Alexander will, I understand, break the record during his engagement at Drury Lane Theatre in Mr. Hall Caine's drama, "The Prodigal Son," receiving, so it is stated, no less a sum than £250 a week, the largest salary ever paid a modern actor with the exception of the late Mr. Dan Leno. It will, therefore, be evident Mr. Arthur Collins is sparing no expense in his autumn production, for in addition to so eminent an artist as Mr. Alexander, the cast will include Mr. Henry Neville, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Frank Cooper, Miss Nancy Price, Miss Hall Caine, and Mr. Austin Melford, and less important parts by Mr. Stanley Pringle, Miss Florence Wood, Mrs. Lancs-Joynt, Mr. Vivian Reynolds, Mr. George Raimond, and Mr. Norman Partridge, while the mounting of Mr. Caine's play will be on the most lavish scale.

I hear that when the run of "John Chilcote, M.P.," is concluded at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. George Alexander will produce an adaptation by Mr. H. Melville of Mr. Alfred Capus's powerful play "L'Adversaire," the leading parts being played by Mr. Alexander and Madame Le Bargy, who, when the play was produced in Paris, caused quite a sensation. Mr. Alexander will, therefore, bring his present season to a close in a most striking manner.

At the Coliseum next month a grand trotting tournament will take place for a prize of £1,000 offered by the management, in which many well-known trotters in the country will take part. Exactly a mile will be the distance, and the tournament is to be carried out, in regard to speed tests and handicapping, in the same manner as trotting races are on an ordinary track.

On Monday, May 22, Mr. Louis Calvert's principal company commenced at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, in the new play "Sunday," from the Comedy Theatre, by arrangement with Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay (a daughter of the late Madame Antoinette Sterling) has been specially engaged to undertake the title *rôle*.

Photo, Bassano.

The LATEST PHOTO of CHARMING MISS JENNIE BATEMAN, who is now playing at the Vaudeville Theatre, London.

The Viscountess Duncannon is organising a concert on behalf of the Church Sisters' Home and the Convalescent Home for Children at 10, Carlton House Terrace, which Viscount Ridley has kindly given the use of on Friday, June 2, at 3.30, when Madame Albani, Miss Parkina, Herr Johannes Wolff, Miss Viola Tree, Baron Freddy d'Erlanger, Herr Egon Petri, Mr. Leon Zagury, &c., &c., will give their services, and for which tickets may be had from Lady Duncannon at 17, Cavendish Square.

A benefit performance is to take place at the Hackney Empire on behalf of Mr. Walter Howard, the old "cornet man," who is better known as "The Queen's Minstrel," and who has fallen upon evil days. It is hoped that £500 may be raised so that Mr. Howard may be placed beyond want for the remainder of his life. The following artists, among others, have kindly consented to appear: Messrs. Eugene Stratton, Johnny Danvers, Harry Hunter, Will Bishop, and Little Thomas; also Miss Lil Hawthorne. It is also hoped that the promoters will be able to secure the services of Messrs. Beerbohm Tree, Walter Passmore, George Robey, Harry Lauder; as well as Madame Alice Esty and Miss Winifred Hare.

Mr. Howard performed with the Christy Minstrels at St. James's Hall, Liverpool, in 1864, and on October 16, 1868, was commanded to appear before the Queen at Balmoral. Afterwards he toured through Ireland before coming to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, in 1869, where, dissatisfied with his limited success, he only stopped three months. Then followed an engagement with the New York Minstrels, and the Hamilton Family at the Agricultural Hall, London. His life from then may be briefly sketched: 1870, Moore and Burgess; 1884, on music-halls and San Francisco Minstrels: 1885, with the Mohawks: 1893, a tour with Moore and Burgess: 1894, a tour in South Africa, where very bad luck attended him. There were no salaries forthcoming and all he got for £60 worth of work was an old Boer hat, which now hangs over the foot of his bed. Experiencing much hardship, he worked his way back to England. *En route* he played to the officers and crew of a gunboat in the Suez Canal. Arriving in England in 1896, he again joined the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, after twelve years' absence; 1898 saw him once more on "the halls," and in the November of that year he went into the infirmary. That was the real beginning of his hardest times. Poor old Dan Leno and Eugene Stratton were very kind to the unfortunate minstrel, who is now a hopeless cripple and in serious danger of absolute want unless the Benefit at the Hackney Empire on June 1 turns out a success. I sincerely trust it will be, and wish him the best of luck.

This is the story of a famous child violinist, Miss Vivien Chartres, now playing in London, told by her mother Mme. Annie Vivanti, which appears in the June number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is a remarkable revelation of a child's mind, and as such will, no doubt, attract great attention—"I have everything I want," said Vivien, "except a bulldog and a violin." Thus the child. A violin! How strange that she should ask for a violin, suddenly, of her own accord! Everybody said it clearly denoted great talent and a gift for music: and I determined to buy her one the very next day. I did so; I bought a charming half-size instrument of a bright brown colour and most excellent in tone, the dealer told me. Of course, we did not get the bulldog. She used the violin first as a money-box. Then she occasionally put bread and milk into the sound holes; and altogether it became quite unpleasant to handle. One day, assisted by her little cousin Teddy, she broke it open with a hammer; and there was great disappointment as to the result, as nothing much was found inside it. I even began to doubt as to the Gift and the Calling. But one day an Italian gentleman called on my husband with a letter of introduction. He had come to London to give a series of concerts, and he had his Amati with him. Jack asked him if he would play to us, and called me from my letter-writing to come and listen. He stood in the middle of the room and played, without accompaniment, the "Zigeunerwesen" of Sarasate. We listened spellbound to the wonderful music with which our room was filled. The door opened cautiously and Vivien came in, with her two dolls, Punch and the Policeman, under her arm. She stood still and gazed petrified with astonishment at the player. When he struck the last chord she dropped her dolls and suddenly began to cry. She cried loud and long. "What for you cry?" he asked repeatedly. "For many things," she replied, and would say nothing else. He seemed astonished and pleased. So I told him briefly why I had reason to think the child superlatively gifted in a musical way. He understood at once. "The child evidently has genius," said Signor Santavicca, looking down wonderingly at the small blonde head and smudgy, tear-stained face of my young daughter.

THE PROMPTER.

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

READ THIS FIRST.

John Steel, a docker, and his family are turned into the street by an alien landlord. Steel joins an unemployed anti-alien procession and collects for the funds. Lieutenant Richard Grenville (commanding H.M. Destroyer *Kennet*), who is standing on the pavement with his newly-made bride, to whom he has just been secretly married against her father's wishes, drops a sovereign into his box, and, with profuse thanks, Steel passes on.

A riot takes place, started by a foreigner, and Grenville is arrested for assault, and the hordes from London's slums swarm in the streets.

A discussion between one Captain Roon and Captain Mahler shows all Germany's plans for an invasion. Mahler visits the Ambassador, who sends him with a code telegram to the Kaiser. An answer comes back. That answer contains but one word: "Strike!"

And they strike. London becomes a great battlefield, and the Bank of England is captured.

Meanwhile German transports, disguised as liners, are making for Dover. The first march of the invaders then commences.

THE FIRST MARCH OF THE INVADERS.

Suddenly the defenders' gun-fire ceased.

"What is the meaning of that?" demanded the general.

A wild-eyed officer dashed up, saluted, and said, "Sir, we can fire no longer. The ammunition is exhausted, every round is discharged. What are we to do?"

"Limber up and retire to Strensall," said the general.

The wild-eyed gunner rode away and repeated the order, and the useless guns were limbered up and the batteries dashed back by the way they had come.

The movement was seen from the ranks of the invaders, and the German general sent his handful of mounted troops to stop the retreat and take the guns.

For the first time General Garston smiled. "Here, at any rate," he said, "I will score a point."

The artillery thundered quickly away, swerving to the left of the position occupied by the staff. Towards them hastened the German horsemen; between these two forces was the regiment of cavalry, hiding behind its ridge.

Past the edge of the ridge the flying batteries thundered, close upon them followed the charging German horsemen; then, like a thunderbolt, the cavalry were released and swept upon the pursuers—swept with a wild cheer which was augmented by the wilder cheering of the infantry who saw the movement.

The German gunfire had ceased and the rifles had not yet opened. It happened, therefore, that the sole affair of interest for the moment was the fight for the guns. The weapons themselves were reeling and jolting about the rough country as the drivers lashed their horses; the mounted men held back and furiously turned upon the Germans, and at the very height of the hand-to-hand affair, in which no man gave quarter and no man asked it, the cavalry sprang into the fray.

"The enemy in our midst!" shouted the officer commanding the cavalry. His eyes blazed with patriotic passion, and he himself singled out and slew the leader of the mounted invaders with a right to left slash which cleft his skull to the chin. Single-handed he attacked and killed three men who were furiously assailing a trooper who had been cut off from his battery, and such was his dexterity that he did not receive a hurt. And what the officer did the men did, too, from the very fact that the ground on which they fought was their own country, and that the life they were striving to preserve was the life of their own people.

The guns withdrew unmolested at last, for of the mounted troops who had been despatched to cut them off not one remained alive. Then the cavalry was withdrawn and hurled against a mass of infantry which formed the left horn of the advancing and encircling cresent, and plunged into the thick of it before the ragged rifle fire which greeted the advance had become steady enough to be destructive.

At last the two bodies of infantry were together, and there was an incessant rattle of rifle fire. The defenders awaited the grand assault, which came nearer and nearer, withholding its fire, for ammunition was scarce, and no man could reckon on more than the stock which his pouches held.

Before that unwavering defence in an open country the advancing battalions melted, but the annihilated ranks were replaced by other living lines, just as the crumbled breaker on the shore is followed by another wave. Men ceased to fall only when the defenders' rifle-fire stopped, and that was when the pouches of the British infantry were emptied.

Then came the most appalling moment of the battle. Officers and men were shot down by the advancing regiments as they stood, and with a roar of mutual cheers the final crash of steel was heard, a long fiercely plying line of bayonets flashed, making a furious commotion to which an awful calm succeeded. After a solemn pause there arose a triumphant chorus of a German battle song which rang across the quiet country as a pæan of victory.

The first stern battle had been fought and won by the invaders, and the defending force had been destroyed or dispersed. The guns had withdrawn, and following them was a remnant of cavalry which by the general's last order was galloping towards York to convey the tidings of the slaughter.

The general himself, surrounded by his staff, remained on the little hillock from which he had first beheld the flash from the opening gun-fire; but there was no movement in the little group. Each man lay in his place exactly as he had fallen, and the victors, halting, saluted as a tribute to the valour of the vanquished.

By nightfall a few haggard cavalry men dashed into York. Then the terrible reports of the incredible things which had happened in the East Riding were confirmed, and it was known that the English force outnumbered hopelessly, had been surrounded and destroyed, that a detached body of the enemy, circling round, had intercepted the retiring artillery, and that all the guns had fallen into the hands of the invaders.

The battle had proved the Isandhlwana of the column which had marched from the northern Aldershot.

"ONLY BY BLOOD AND TEARS ARE NATIONS SAVED."

Crafty though the enemy had been, and perfect though his arrangements were, he had not succeeded in so contriving things that perfect accomplishment of his designs was certain. There was, of course, a probability that disaster would attend him, but he had been prepared to take the risk. He accepted it readily, having satisfied himself that it was inconsiderable.

In theory his preparations were flawless, yet in practice he found that there were many weak links in the chain which he had sought to forge. He had omitted in his calculations to recognise certain facts which were so simple that their oversight was incredible; yet, although he had made every allowance, to the minutest detail, for the railway, telegraph, and telephone systems, he had overlooked, ignored, or underestimated the mighty factor of the motor, nor had he made due allowance for the confined area of England.

Accustomed to deal with wider tracts in his calculations for battle, he had failed to recognise that in a confined area such as England ordinary bicycles were important means of communication, that a good horse was a source of danger to him, and that even a strong pedestrian had it in his power to raise a swift and dangerous alarm. But he had omitted to see that a motor was as rapid as a railway train and that many of them were faster. Untrammelled in this time of national extremity by all restrictions a motor-car became a means of swift connection between one place and another.

It was by this very method of motor communication that the country from north to south and east to west was awakened to the imminence of its peril. Just as the beacons of old had flashed the tidings of the coming of the Armada, signalling with lurid flame from hill to hill, so the petrol-driven machine which had been in many cases a public curse became a universal blessing.

It was a Malton motorist who had dashed back with the news of the German advance from the East Coast; it was a motorist who, when the railway was crippled and the telegraphs and telephones destroyed or in the hands of alien agents, raced to Leeds and reported what had happened.

Motorists indeed were scorching along in every high road in every part of the country, not one of them without his tale of terror. A few fell into the hands of the enemy; but for the most part the drivers eluded all attempts at capture and defied all obstacles.

Gradually at headquarters in London the piecemeal bits of news were put together, and at the War Office and at the Admiralty, at Downing Street and at the clubs the real state of affairs became known.

When the naked truth was revealed there was no heart so brave that it did not beat the quicker with the sense of overwhelming evil, no patriot, however sanguine, who did not know that many days must pass before the nation could recover from the shock of this alien uprising—this surprise invasion which had been so often preached by foreign strategists and so persistently ignored at home—and many years before it could be entirely free from the paralysing effects of the treacherous blow which had been struck. Already gilt-edged securities had fallen to a level which had not been known in modern British history.

It was significant, however, of the spirit of all classes that not even now, with the enemy in our very midst, did the veriest croaker dare to prophesy eventual defeat for England.

No man burned with a more zealous patriotism than Lord Harden; no woman yearned more devotedly to take a place in the fighting line than his daughter, Lieutenant Richard Grenville's bride.

The two were seated in the old peer's library, just after Lord Harden had returned from his club to glean the latest news. On a long wide table were spread ordnance maps of districts in which trouble had been reported; in little heaps were lying newspaper accounts of happenings in England which even now in cold print seemed past belief.

"I've hated war correspondents up to the present," said Lord Harden, "but I never felt such gratitude for men as I feel for these. They have already gathered more information and told more news than the whole of our boasted Military Intelligence Department put together. And that, I suppose, is because the men have to live by their brains and have not been jobbed into office. How is your summary of the present state of affairs?" he asked, addressing his daughter.

"It is there," she answered, giving him some sheets of paper on which she had brought the position of things in the country up to date and which showed at a glance how matters stood.

Lord Harden read slowly. "Yorkshire, east of Leeds, is held by the invaders; Leeds itself and the great manufacturing towns in the North are in a state of ferment due to carefully fostered internal troubles. Even if the enemy does not reach them almost irreparable mischief has been done, for all the mills are closed, much of the machinery is wrecked, most of the great shops have been looted, and there have been already desperate bread riots. Ordinary life has been paralysed and each city and town seems to have been turned into a general hospital. There is untold suffering and distress which it does not seemed possible to alleviate."

"And this in Christian happy England," exclaimed the peer—"the favoured land which everybody has supposed to be the one country in the world which could not witness scenes like these! Go on with your terrible sketching."

"There are wild reports of a landing in force at Liverpool to be undertaken at all costs, even to the complete destruction of the warships which are protecting the landing. As to Dover and Southampton—well, you know the details."

"Yes," said his lordship grimly, "I can picture the awful business just as vividly as if I could actually cast my eye over the whole country. It is war in our midst—red, awful war to the death—just the thing that I have tried to depict for my fellow countrymen time after time as a possible, even a probable, thing, because of the warning that foreigners have given us, and have been either laughed at for a fool or condemned as a scaremonger. So we actually have the enemy on our soil in three different places, while a fourth is threatened, and, I suppose, as good as secured. It is a wonderful performance and has succeeded because of its very audacity and because the promoters have not made the mistake of mincing matters. They started out on a clear programme, and have done their business in the only possible way. Meanwhile, I suppose, the British Fleet is still manœuvring somewhere and carrying out target practice. That is the one thing which has stunned men down at the club most of all—that the all-powerful, ever-watchful, ever-ready British Navy should have been caught napping, if not actually sleeping."

"But when it does learn what has happened!" exclaimed his daughter with flashing eyes, rising as she spoke and stretching forth her arm like some prophetic goddess—"when it does come into touch with its enemy, as it surely will—what then? What of its awakening?"

Photo, Campbell Gray.

MISS TOPSY SINDEN as the Shy Princess in "The Princess and the Troubadour" at the London Coliseum.

Photo, Campbell Gray.

MISS WINIFRED HARE AND MISS TOPSY SINDEN in "The Princess and the Troubadour" at the London Coliseum.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large bottles everywhere.—[Adv.]

There was a moment of intense silence, broken when Lord Harden answered. "Then," he said slowly, "there will be witnessed such battles as were never known before at sea; and the enemy will learn too late the bitterest lesson that has ever been taught to a nation. And the victories that will be won afloat will be equalled by the triumphs of our troops on land, for I decline to believe even yet that Englishmen do not make the best soldiers in the world, as well as the best sailors."

"And you believe that the ultimate triumph will be easy?" asked his daughter eagerly.

"I do not say that," he replied, "because I do not believe it. To say it would be to show that I underestimate the strength and awful purpose of our enemy—and I do neither. We shall win, but we shall have to win by waiting and suffering. There will have to be a welding together of all the forces in the Empire, an absolute sinking of party and private squabbles and hatreds, and the learning of one great master lesson."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"It is this," he told her—"that only by blood and tears are nations saved!"

"The lesson is a terrible one," she said, after a pause. "How is it to be best driven home?"

"The best way of teaching anything," he answered, "is by an object-lesson, and that is the method which has been chosen by a nation which, with all its faults, has taught us a good many things worth knowing. There is one thing on which I am especially keen, and that is that a sense of their duty should be forced upon the swarms of lazy people of both sexes who form what is called the gilded youth. Things have changed a vast deal since I began my career—men seem to have become effeminate and women manly. Perhaps we ought to see regiments of males officered by females; but perhaps the crisis will make matters work out all right, and as they should be, and in that case the young men should hurry up for voluntary service and the young women will throw aside their cigarettes and latch-keys and other idiocies, and try and do some nursing and other useful works."

"Suppose I organised a nursing centre here, in this very house?" she said eagerly.

"I like your go-aheadness," observed her father, not without a touch of pride in his tones. "By all means do as you suggest—I should be the last man in the world not to practise what I have been preaching. The house is at your service, and the servants too—except the men."

"And what of them?" she asked.

"Why," continued Lord Harden, "only this—that every one of them that can bear arms will have to do so; and they can all do that except poor Parkinson. He can still remain as butler, and to do such odd jobs as I cannot manage for myself. There, I think that settles matters for the present. Perhaps you would like to go to your own room and leave me free here to arrange things with the servants. Tell Parkinson to come up to me, will you?"

The butler presented himself, still sedate and calm in outward appearance, but inwardly distressed and alarmed.

"Parkinson," said his lordship, "it is necessary to make new arrangements for the management of this household."

"Yes, my lord," said the butler.

"The staff must be reduced. Only keep as many servants as are necessary to do a bit of cooking and cleaning—I suppose three of you could do that?"

"If necessary, yes, my lord."

"It is necessary, or I should not mention it," snapped Lord Harden. "Set about the business at once. Get rid of those great, lazy, hulking fellows, and tell them their places are behind the guns and not the backs of chairs."

"Three have already left and joined the Army, my lord," said the butler, with secret triumph.

"Whenever those three come back—if they do—let them be reinstated," his lordship ordered, "and let me know how they fare. I like their pluck, and withdraw what I said about lazy, hulking fellows. You don't seem much concerned, Parkinson—and yet, do you know that we have an enemy in our midst who will kill and spare not whenever he gets the chance?"

"I do, my lord, and if I show no concern it is only because I feel so sure that we shall be all right in the end. I am an old man, my lord, but not too old to strike at least one blow for my own home and my own country."

He spoke serenely and with placid conviction, and his master saying nothing more, he quietly withdrew.

Lord Harden looked out of the window. A smile of satisfaction overspread his thin ascetic face as he murmured, "With such a spirit as that pervading the nation there is not, there cannot be, a doubt as to our success. We shall all be, I daresay, a nation of dare-devil Grenvilles."

And the spirit which he had witnessed did indeed possess the whole of the people of the country.

The common danger and the overwhelming peril had raised the latent fighting ardour of the race which had won its place and would have to keep it by combat.

THE COMING OF THE AVENGERS.

While the capital itself was in the hands of the enemy for the time being and invaders had landed on the east, the south-east, and the south coasts, the swoop of which Grenville's bride had spoken was made on the vital district of which Liverpool is the centre.

The enemy's careful systematic study of the problem of invading and crippling England had shown the need of dealing a destructive blow at the mercantile marine. There was to be a rush for the Thames as far as the Victoria and Albert Docks, a similar descent on Hull and Liverpool, and forlorn hopes were to be organised in the cases of the Royal dockyards, with special reference to Portsmouth.

Circumstances made it necessary for the first blow to be delivered against Liverpool. This was done by the First Active Fleet of Germany, consisting of two squadrons of first-class battleships and a cruiser squadron, with attendant torpedo craft. This powerful squadron convoyed a picked force of twenty thousand men, carried in half-a-dozen great merchant steamers. The Western Army of Invasion, as it was called, proceeded full speed ahead round the north of Scotland and towards the Irish Sea, while the landing was being effected on the East Coast. And it pursued its journey unopposed, inasmuch as the British Channel Fleet was manœuvring in the Atlantic well away from its base, and the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets had united at Gibraltar.

So far as they could be seized and handled all means of communication between England and its fleet were crippled or removed, including the wireless telegraph stations. But it was known that this advantage could not be enjoyed for any lengthened period, and accordingly the German admiral made all haste to reach Liverpool and effect his landing.

When he appeared off the seaport the city was already in a state of consternation, for the news of the landing on the East Coast had become known and the trouble in the capital was understood, even in some detail. In Liverpool, therefore, some defensive preparations had been made, and regular and volunteer artillery, with a considerable body of infantry, had been assembled to resist a landing.

The artillery was disposed on each side of the entrance to the Mersey, and against mere merchant ships armed with light guns it might have been of assistance in repelling a landing; but when opposed to the ordnance of the First Active Fleet it was powerless. That ordnance included 11-inch and 9·4-inch guns, enabling the squadron to lie off at a distance of several miles in perfect security and leisurely destroy the shipping and the city.

Some pretext of sparing Liverpool and its people was shown by the despatch of a torpedo-boat from the squadron. The little craft bore a flag of truce and steamed up to the nearest battery of guns on the left bank of the entrance to the river.

The lieutenant in command addressed the officer commanding the battery, a major of the Field Artillery.

"But," said the major, "what in Heaven's name is the meaning of it? You dare to come here and ask us to surrender?"

"We are invading England," was the answer. "I cannot stop to talk. If you do not surrender, the city will be destroyed."

"Then the city certainly will have to go," declared the major.

"You refuse?" said the lieutenant.

"So far as I am concerned—absolutely," replied the major.

"Then," said the lieutenant haughtily, "my only duty is to return to the admiral with your message. It would be the same, I suppose, from everyone here?"

"Not a soul will surrender, you may take that for certain," the major assured him.

The lieutenant was about to give the order for the torpedo-boat to return to her squadron when the major made a signal of detention by raising his hand.

"Not so fast, sir," he said sternly. "Wait!"

"And why?" asked the lieutenant defiantly.

"Because," continued the major, "you will not be allowed to rejoin your ships."

The lieutenant laughed scornfully, then he pointed to his flag of truce.

"And you think, sir," continued the major, "that you are protected by a pitiful and dastardly device like that?"

"According to your own law," replied the German, "this is a legitimate use of the flag, because I have come to enter into an arrangement with our enemy."

"You have put yourself in the position of a spy," declared the major, "and I will take upon myself the responsibility of punishing you as one. I call upon you to surrender."

The lieutenant was in a perilous position for which he was not prepared. Blind in his confidence in the protection afforded by a flag of truce he gave the order for his ship to return, and the screws revolved.

The little craft gathered way and began to run towards the open sea; but before she was ten lengths away the major, calmly and resolutely, had given the order to fire.

(To be continued.)

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Guernsey Cattle.

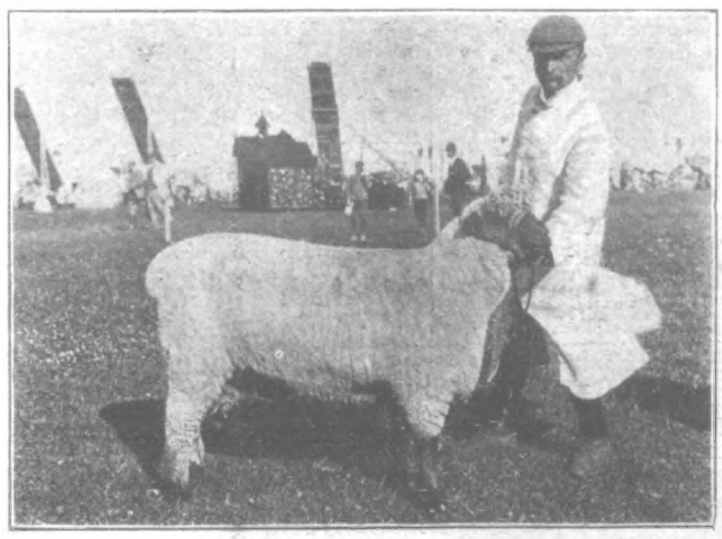
The Guernseys are the biggest and least known of the Channel Island breeds, but my correspondent cannot go very far wrong in establishing a herd on ground bordering the South Hams in Devonshire. One of the best herds I know of is in Wiltshire, a part of the country much bleaker than Devonshire, and from it many prize-winning animals have been sent during the last few years. The cows are noted for their deep milking qualities; in fact, most of the Guernseys are good butter cows; while not long ago a crossbred Guernsey won the first milking prizes and the Lord Mayor's cup at the London Dairy Show three years in succession, besides winning the champion prize in the milking trials. In one day her milk made 2lb. 6½oz. of butter, a record very hard to beat. Guernseys can certainly be well recommended.

Fowls Losing Feathers.

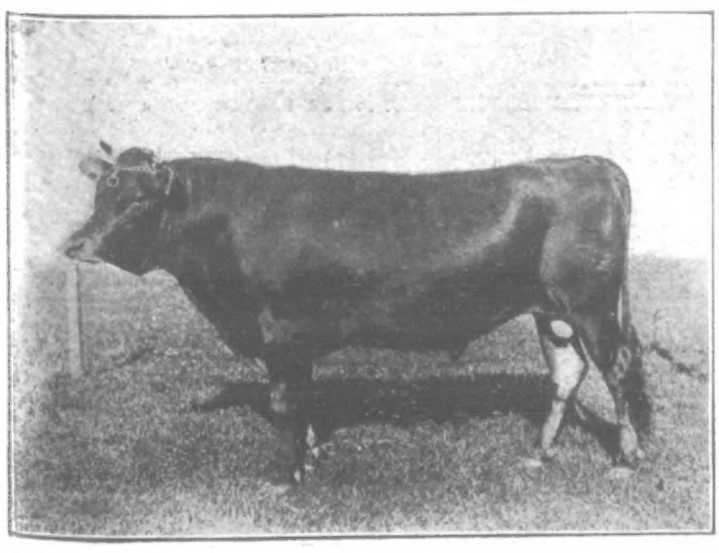
No doubt loss of feathers is due to some parasitic insect burrowing into the skin of the fowl, and rendering it unhealthy and unfit to support the natural growth of feather. There are various forms of skin disease due to parasites, and they are best treated by giving the affected fowl cooling medicine, and paying special attention to its diet. Feed the bird on grain only, a mixture of small wheat and best oats. Abundance of succulent food, such as sods of grass with plenty of mould, weeds from the garden, and, in fact, any green stuff pulled from the earth and given in a fresh state will be found extremely beneficial. "Nettle tea" (a recipe for which is given below) may be put into the drinking vessel in place of water for the time being; or as a blood cooler you could give the bird a pellet of bread, in the centre of which a pinch of flowers of sulphur has been placed. The bare places on the fowl's body should be bathed with Condy's fluid diluted, a teaspoonful in a quart of water. Care should be taken that the birds' haunts are kept clean. See also that the ends of the roosts and all crevices in the house are saturated with paraffin oil, to dislodge any insects that may be there.

Nettles for Fowls.

The common stinging nettle is one of the most cooling herbs for the blood that can be found. At the same time, fowls do not catch cold after partaking of the decoction or tea, as they are liable to do with sulphur. The nettles should be gathered when young; they should be cut short and boiled, and then mixed with the soft food, and the water they are boiled in will also do to soften the food. If there is not



THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW: Mr. Albert Brassey, M.P.'s Champion Oxford Down Ram.



THE OXFORDSHIRE SHOW: Mr. Julius C. Drew's Champion Jersey Bull "Black Pearl."

REMEMBER the Black Beetles, horrid things, and be sure to tell Cook to well sprinkle the floor near the fire-place last thing at night with KEATING'S POWDER, the unrivalled Killer of Fleas, Beetles, Moths; also Nits in children's heads. Harmless to animals. Sold only in Tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s. New Filled Tin Bellows, 9d.—[ADVT.]

time to boil them, boiling water should be poured over the nettles; then cover them to keep the steam in. A little salt should be added. The nettles should not be given when they have not been boiled, as they are not tender enough when raw for fowls. Given as we have stated, they are both food and medicine. If they be cut with a knife or scissors, not pulled, they will soon grow again.

The Mandarin Duck.

Of the size of a fine pigeon, or, if you prefer it, of a waterfowl, this splendid duck is easily bred, and thrives well in our country. It is sufficient to have within its reach a little pond surrounded by aquatic plants, with some small bushy shrubs, and some cavernous rockwork, at the bottom of which it loves to conceal itself. The least artifice possible should be used in the preparation of its abode; the Mandarin disdains shelters prepared by the hand of man, while it loves all those which recall to it wild Nature. The Fantail duck is imported into Europe by couriers from China and Japan. The drake alone is adorned with incomparable plumage, which leaves one nothing more to wish for. The most dazzling colours meet in such a manner that the pen is unable to describe them. In order to form an exact idea of the treasures which this spoilt child of Nature carries upon him it is necessary to contemplate him. His head appears enormous owing to the effect of a green and purple tuft, and of a ruby cloak which the bird displays in expanding at his will. But the finest sight of the Mandarin is his fantails. The external quills of these feathers raise themselves in forming two magnificent sails of a yellow brown, bordered first with white then with black, and under these the splendid bird has the appearance of a decorated boat. This fine bird has a red beak and yellow feet. The female appears much smaller than the male. Her plumage is very modest, and is composed of a mixture of brown, grey, and white, and does not present the least luxury of colouring.

Care of the Chickens.

Those young fowls required for the spring chicken trade should have their range limited to a dark shed, and afterwards be placed in coops, and, if necessary, crammed. Until they are confined to the coops they will eat four good meals of soft food each day, the first being allowed as soon after daybreak as possible, and the last just after sundown, with the other two at regular intervals. The food should be supplied from large troughs, and it should be of a fattening nature. During the last fortnight or three weeks the birds should be kept and fed in the coops, and cramming may be undertaken if there is a lack of appetite. Cramming, however, requries to be thoroughly understood before it can be turned to advantage, and those poultry-keepers who desire to adopt this method of finishing the fattening process will find it best to "take lessons" from a professional crammer. But with proper care and good feeding there is no need to cram spring chickens—they will eat sufficient to make them heavy and fat.

With stock chickens an entirely different course should be pursued. The birds should be permitted to have as much range as possible, and their diet should be given with the idea of producing muscle, bone, and feather, avoiding all food that is likely to fatten. But a wider scope with food can be allowed when chickens have free range on land that provides them with insect life and green stuff, for the wandering in search of this natural food is the best form of exercise imaginable, and keeps down any tendency to lay on fat.

As is well known, chickens require frequent feeding during the day, but the times must be regular. Overfeeding is decidedly bad, but irregular feeding is not in the slightest an improvement. It should be remembered, also, that chickens awake with the rising of the sun, and are ravenously hungry after their long fast, so it is unwise to allow them to remain starving in the early morning. If it should prove difficult to obtain a good supply of animal and vegetable foods, some suitable substitutes will be found in finely-minced meat and lettuce. Some poultry-keepers use crushed raw bones ("green" bone) instead of meat, and this will do, acting as grit and as a tonic. Meal should be mixed to a crumbly mass with water, and this and any grain or seeds that are supplied should be of the best quality obtainable.

Silhouette Competition

FIRST PRIZE: A MOTOR-BICYCLE.

EVERYONE is familiar with the photographs of prominent men and women; they may be seen in shop windows, or on picture postcards, or in the illustrated papers. Most readers, too, are as familiar with the pose of the sitter as with the photograph itself. Such readers will, therefore, find a keen pleasure in identifying the well-known people whose silhouettes appear on this page.

All you have to do is to write clearly in ink underneath each of the silhouettes the surname of the man or woman you believe it to be. If there are two people of the same name you must put the Christian name as well.

Do not hesitate to compete, even though you may not be able to name all the pictures each week. Other competitors may not be so clever as yourself.

No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross out the name and write it again.

Only one name must be written under each picture.

When you have filled in all the names and the coupon below, cut out this announcement, and ***keep it by you until the rest of the silhouettes have appeared.*** Full instructions will be given as to sending in your attempts.

The prize of a "Centaur" motor-bicycle will go to the competitor from whom the Editor receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions, and other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion. The published decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

(11.)

Name .....

(12.)

Name .....

(13.)

Name .....

(14.)

Name .....

Name .....

Address .....

"P.I.P." May 27, 1905.

THE COLISEUM, Charing Cross. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Prices:—Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1s.; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

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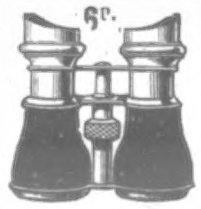

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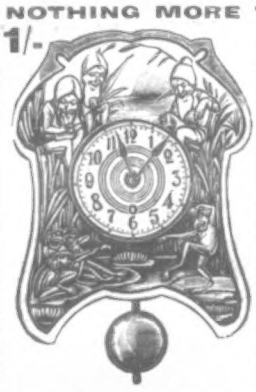

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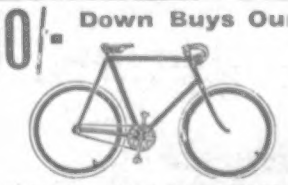
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